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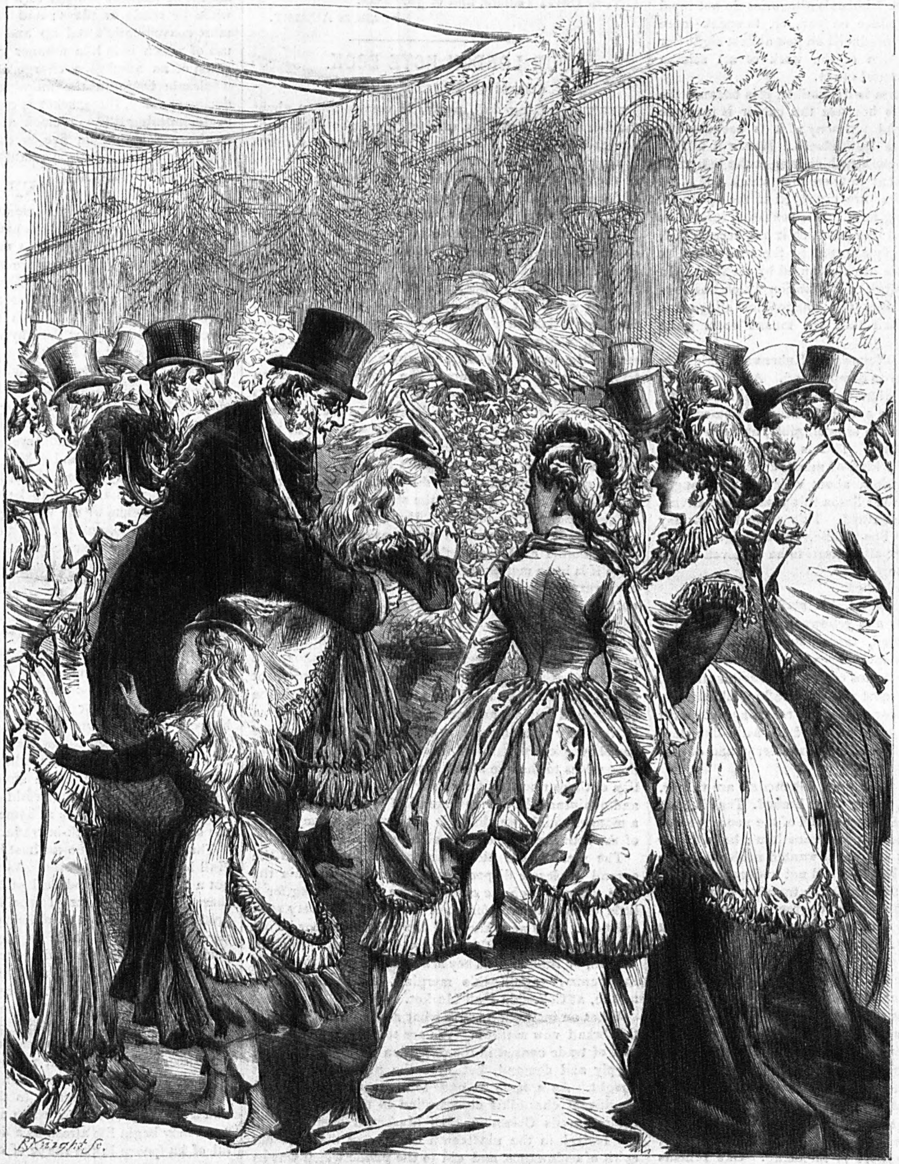


AT THE HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS.

On Rubens.

Rubens is one of the most admirable geniuses with whom mankind has been honoured. The superior beauty of his compositions, the grandeur of his work, place him in the first rank as a painter.

This artist is essentially characterised by the abundance of his ideas, the richness and variety of his resources, his powerful effects, the boldness of his compositions, the poetic character of his models, the majesty of his colouring, and his marvellous facility of execution.

Let us take, for example, that series of splendid pictures which were at the Louvre, and which make the spectator seem present at the end of Marie de Medicis.

These are allegories—that is to say, actions represented symbolically by means of the presence of ideal personifications, such as France, Glory, Peace, War: with the historical personages are also mingled fabulous figures, the Gods, Tritons, &c. Allegory—by reason of this union of the two worlds which there meet, the one of fancy or philosophic if you will, the other real—trespasses against one of the essential rules of the work of art, probability. One is always a little offended at the incongruity: one misses something of the illusion which the picture ought to cause when one sees a warrior in armour surrounded with angels, or in the company of Mercury, the messenger of the gods. And to-day, more than ever, allegory is in great disfavour: romance has moreover dealt a terrible blow to mythology.

Well, in spite of all, Rubens's allegories do not repel you. More—they produce on you, or, to speak more accurately, they have produced on you at first sight (for the softening impression of the work of art seldom reiterates itself) a powerful effect.

It is because the form is irresistible, it is because the conception is just, it is because the colour is majestic and of an all-powerful harmony; it is because the expressions are of rare truthfulness. Hence it follows that the idea, the thought, which are at the bottom of the work, the sentiment and emotion which the artist has lent to the figures, are conveyed to the spectator under the most striking form. The sensation infuses us with the sentiment and idea to which it has been joined, and finally we are deeply affected by the conception, at the same time that we are enchanted by the form. In fact, that part of the work of realisation which has consisted in introducing into the composition allegorical figures is so disguised that the means seem quite natural to us.

Let us add that the allegories of Rubens are eminently simple, clear, and easy to comprehend. A picture is not an enigma. This is what the German painters of the school of Overbeck have not sufficiently understood; the allegories of Cornélius are unintelligible, and one needs volumes to interpret them. This is the case also with a work destitute of every kind of merit, conception, composition, colour, drawing, about which it was sought to make some noise at the Salon this year—the "Divina Tragedia" of M. Chenavard. This piece has not any merit, even inferior. The public, which judges it very well for itself, must not allow itself to be deceived by the personal friends of the painter.

But let us return to Rubens.

His colouring is splendid, his stuffs, his golds are marvellous. His reds and yellows are of an inimitable richness. Less crowded, more abundant, easier than the Venetians, competent judges have placed him on a level with them. He makes effects and combinations of colour from which the most radiating and joyful harmony possible results. His carnations are roses, and the most generous blood there circulates under a satin-like skin. His drawing, so free, we repeat, is masterly, and of perfect accuracy.

One fault is found with him: his models are vulgar. His women are gross, fleshy, large limbed. That is true. Child of Flanders, the robust model of the young women of those countries did not displease him; he only saw its beauty; he did not see that it wanted nobleness. His voyages in Italy and England did not undeceive him.

Such are the qualities which the traveller who arrives at Antwerp finds in the highest degree in the work celebrated above all, and immortal in the memory of men at least, the triptyque of Antwerp Cathedral—the "Descent from the Cross."

The work is complete. The elevation of the subject, the pathos of the scene, the amplitude, the skilful harmony of the composition and of the colouring, the perfection of form and execution, all co-operate in producing a deep impression.

In the distance, a barren and dreary country where one can discover nothing but a stunted bush. Just on the horizon a few streaks of pale, strange light separate it from the sky, which stretches behind the group, gloomy and threatening. The mass formed by the nine persons, the cross, and the ladders is imposing. One reflects naturally before this action, silent, sorrowful, and full of veneration. With what care have these apostles detached the Divine body from the gibbet, and are letting it down in the winding-sheet which they have brought! How piously they support it! How those who no longer touch it follow it with their looks, ready to stretch forth a hand at the first appearance of falling! And how that expression which is predominant with each of the characters is repeated, so as not to leave the spectator indifferent for a moment, and to draw him back continually in order to make him feel this emotion! How varied, too, is that expression! It is to be found again in full force in the right hand of the man on high to the left; he has just let go the body of Christ; but his hand, ready to lay hold of it again, expresses esteem as well as the lines of his face. The man who is descending the ladder, and turning round, is in the same mind.

The drawing of all these characters is incomparable, from the two young women with the golden tresses, who are on their knees, to the old man who holds the cloth between his teeth. Each of these figures is a masterpiece. The most varied models and ages are represented. The body of Christ is a masterpiece of anatomy and movement: it is indeed the abandonment and inertia of death. The draperies also are models. In fact, as a drawing, the man on the left, whose drapery and leg are shown against the sky, is incomparable. That torso, that arm, and, above all, the shortening of the leg are of a freedom and truth that nobody could surpass.

The accessories also are very fine. We speak of the golden plate wherein are deposited the crown of thorns and the nails.

Whoever has seen the Rubens of the Louvre and the "Descent from the Cross" at Antwerp is edified by the genius of this great painter, who was the master of Van Dyk, of David Téniers, and of Jordaens.

Francis Aubert.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

Columbia Hall Market.

There is nothing dull, prosy, or commonplace about the fish trade. Take the salmon, the turbot, the monster cod, the shoal of mackerel or herrings or shrimps in their watery homes; follow them through the incidents of their capture, captivity, and death; watch the fleet of fishermen on their journey landward; lounge about the quay at Falmouth, Brixham, Plymouth, Southampton, Harwich, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, Boston, Hull, or any other landing-place on the coast when the take is brought ashore, and during the public sale; stand on the platform of a quiet country station by night on the Great Eastern or Great Northern Railway when the long, dark, rapid fish train dashes past, stopping for no passengers, waiting for no goods, but hastening on to supply the great wholesale markets of England with fresh fish in the small hours of the morning; put on an overcoat, light a cigar, and lounge in at these markets in the chilly twilight, or in the darkness before the dawn, or in the faint gleams of the eastern sun, and take note of the unique excitement of the second auction. We know no other branch of business in which the scenes are so quaintly picturesque or the incidents of the drama so striking. The chapters of the story are held together by such short links of time. Hundreds of miles, perhaps, of sea and land have been traversed, but by the unmistakable evidence of these natural denizens of the deep it is but a matter of a few hours and minutes since they were struggling in the net out at sea, and we know not what wild hazards to life the fishermen may have encountered in bringing them ashore. But the striking peculiarities of the trade do not end at the metropolitan or other central market. The shop, the stall, the basket, the street barrow, and every movement connected with the retail sale and hawking, with the selling and buying and preparing for the table, down to the very cooking processes and the serving, are somehow picturesque and remarkable, and commend themselves to the eye of the artist and to the observation of those who look for colour and contrast in objects and quaintness in the movements of men and things, in a manner which, we think, is not rivalled by any other of the common proceedings of daily life.

The scene in our picture on page 288 represents the second wholesale disposal of a stock of fish within the time during which the creatures are still gasping for a little of the element for want of which they very soon must die. They were knocked down the afternoon before by an auctioneer to the highest bidder, at Yarmouth, Boston, or Brixham. They are taken away at the fall of the hammer again this morning, before London is awake, at Columbia Hall Market.

What an institution, with what a peculiar history, is this brand new market! We are told that the life and soul of trade consist in the operation of the principle of supply and demand, but here the principle is set at nought. As a boon at once to buyer and seller, as a munificent charitable contribution to the promotion of trade, stands Columbia Hall Market, a monument of the revival in the nineteenth century of that fine old spirit of endowment and gift to the public which was so marked an attribute of some of our ancestors during a certain period of our history. It is late in the day to mention now that Columbia Hall Market was given, two or three years ago, to the people of a densely populated quarter of the East-end of London by Miss, now Baroness, Burdett Coutts. It cost upwards of a quarter of a million sterling, and in all England there is not a market anything like it. The space devoted to buying and selling in the interior is furnished like a market and nothing more, but the shell of the structure is a noble architectural monument, and the chief adornment of that part of London. It is a vast pile of pillars, spires, arches, arcades, and corridors, crowned with a magnificent lofty clock tower, whose chimes are struck at the quarter hours, half hours, and hours in the belfry by gigantic effigies of men carved in stone.

Here is what we believe is not to be found elsewhere in the world—a market absolutely free. Having cost a quarter of a million of money, it is supplied with a manager, a clerk, and a staff of servants and officers in livery; and any decent man who wants to get a living by selling fish may have the use of a stall for nothing, and be supplied with fresh water and gaslight on the same terms. He may not know how to find funds wherewith to provide himself with a barrow and an oil lamp to enable him to sell herrings and shrimps at the corner of the street, but he can have a stall here without investing a shilling; he may store at night what he cannot sell, instead of carrying it home to his poor London cellar; and he may take away in his pocket every farthing of his profit, without a penny deduction for establishment charges. But this is not the sum of his privileges. Under the same roof are provided reading-rooms, where for the nominal fee of a halfpenny a day he may see the newspapers, play draughts, and, if he confines himself to a particular room, smoke while he reads or plays; and close by is a lavatory, most conveniently fitted up and furnished, the proper use of which is in like manner guarded by the imposition of an admission charge of one halfpenny. For wholesale trade in the morning, and retail business during the day, this market is opened from four o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night every week-day in the summer; from five in the morning till ten at night in winter, and always until a quarter before twelve o'clock on Saturday night.

The conditions under which these great privileges are enjoyed are the easiest possible of fulfilment. Any man who is not a notoriously bad character may obtain the use of a stall on application to the committee, and the only obligations he is under are that he shall keep his stall clean and give honest weight and measure. The market is within a couple of hundred yards of the present terminus of the Great Eastern Railway, and of easy access from other great lines by which fish are brought from the sea coast on all sides, and the supply of commodity for barter is limited only by the demand.

How does this most noble and generous experiment answer? Well, the boon is not quite appreciated as it deserves to be. The habits of people are hard to change. The altogether objectionable system of turning the streets into an open market, and selling provisions on ill-contrived and badly-protected stalls on the kerb of the foot-pavement, has come to be the recognised rule of buyers and sellers of the working and labouring orders in the metropolis, and it takes more than a month or a year or two to introduce a reform. On certain days in the week and on Saturday nights the pavements are thronged with passengers who become purchasers at the ricketty stalls, and it may be that the sellers look to tempt customers who do not come out for the purpose of purchasing their wares, and who would not find their way to the market. This, we believe, is to a great extent a delusion. The market presents so many advantages over the public street to the purchaser that it rests with the vendor to take the initiative and avail himself of this splendid benefaction, and the buyers would most certainly follow him, recruited by customers of a somewhat higher class, who like neither the wares that are to be bought in the street nor the method of selling them; for all the world knows that the street stall-keeper has no place at home wholesome and fit for the storage of his stock-in-trade.

There are people who too hastily declare the Columbia Hall Market to be a failure. As a matter of fact it is not a failure, for a good deal of business is transacted there; and as a matter of time it is much too early to predict that it will not ultimately prove a most gratifying success. It has a battle to wage against foolish and pernicious customs, and with perseverance it will win, and introduce a better, a more cleanly, and a more honest mode of dealing. At present the institution is managed by a committee, but negotiations are pending for handing it over to the local corporation, under such conditions as shall ensure the costly and most kind experiment a fair, full, and persevering trial. It is not a little to say of a poor and densely populated district that cheap food is brought to the doors of the people, and a means provided by which any man out of employment may begin life afresh as a dealer if he has a handful of halfpence in the shape of capital.

A correspondent writes from Windsor, March 19, 1870—"I find your Pain Killer has a very large sale and good reputation here; and to the surprise of some of the chemists the demand is largely among their 'carriage customers.' Mr. D., who does perhaps the largest business, told me of many remarkable cures it had effected, and says it has been so successful that he can now with all confidence recommend it."

COUNTRY LIFE.

THE ENGLISH FARMER.

A FORTNIGHT ago we gave a sketchy outline portrait of the British farmer, drawn by the pen of a Southern Counties reporter, on the occasion of an agricultural show at Portsmouth. An attempt in the same line of art, and on the same subject, in the *Birmingham Morning News*, catches our eye in glancing over the local reports of the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Show at Wolverhampton; and as this is done in a different style, and evidently by an abler hand, we are tempted to copy the picture as a companion to the last:—

> Once upon a time in a certain island of the sea throve and flourished to a gracious fatness a race of men, broad of girth, large alike in hand and heart; ignorant and proud of ignorance. They delighted to call themselves "Church and King men," and with the vanity of ignorance they despised literature, and hated innovation. They were a fine, pig-headed, jovial race, and were known to the world as English Farmers. Reading in old-world records of this race of people, and turning to the class by whom they are now represented, you may find, if you will, one of the broadest of imaginable contrasts. The old type of farmer (who still, by the way, lingers in the pages of *Punch*, where he figures in a slightly modified form as the representative John Bull) has almost died from our remembrance. In his place we find a personage half *savan* and half machinist, learned in the theories of Liebig, and great in the mysteries of artificial manures. "All things must change." We accept the decree of fate, and set forth to meet the modern representative of the British agricultural constitution.

Whatever may be said of the delineation of the old English farmer, we fear the pen-and-ink sketcher has rather overdrawn his picture of the average agriculturist of today. There are a few farmers, "half *savans* and half machinists, learned in the theories of Liebig," &c., but these are a marvellously small class, and it will take them a long time to make much impression upon their less advanced neighbours. The number of farmers in an average county who are disciples of Liebig, or who have mastered even the alphabet of agricultural chemistry, may be counted on the fingers, and the farm tenant who is half *savan* is a rarity indeed.

THE LIMITS OF THE BLACK COUNTRY.

While we are hanging on the skirts of a subject connected with the great national Agricultural Show this week, we cannot help saying a word for Birmingham and its surroundings in defence against hasty generalisations upon its connection with Wolverhampton, the wide land of coke and smoke, furnaces and cinders. A reporter from a distant agricultural county, describing the scene he passes through by rail to the place of meeting of the great society, tells us that in and around Birmingham the traveller discovers that he has left fair rural landscapes behind him, and that all agriculture and fertility cease. He may be easily pardoned for the mistake. As he runs into Birmingham he sees a big town half full of smoke, and as he passes on towards Wolverhampton he appears to be almost immediately plunging through the very thick of the Black Country. Yet there is a belt of fair green country some three or four miles wide, even on that side of Birmingham, before the desert of mines and furnaces is reached, and all the other sides of the capital of the Midlands are most luxurious and charming, with only a very occasional ebullition of factory chimneys. It is a common belief among those who have not travelled in the Midlands, that Birmingham is a part of the Black Country proper, instead of standing just off the border of it. If the Town Council of Birmingham would but carry out the law, and compel the proprietors of town factories to consume their own smoke, that immense town would be a clean and pleasant place, and would seem to stand in a garden.

Still the cinders are very near, and even the experienced Birmingham reporter whom we have quoted so speaks of the proximity of the Black Country as almost to mislead a reader unacquainted with the place; for he says:—

> The train starts, and we are in the heart of the Black Country, amidst dismal scenery, old and common-place to us, but full of wonders for the rural. We pass large mounds covered with great lumps and blotches of furnace slag, &c.

"BONNY."

This is, perhaps, fated to be incorporated in our language as an English word. A writer in Hull, contributing local sketches to the *Eastern Morning News*, reports the gossiping conversation of a couple of young girls at a railway station, one awaiting the departure of the train, and the other "seeing her off;" and in the narrative occurs this passage:—

> The lady who was about to depart acquainted her friend that she had just met in the street so and so, and "He raised his hat to me; *O! so bonny!* it was really delightful." This brought from the listening friend the sympathising exclamation, "Yes, you know, he is *always bonny*." This was the first occasion of my hearing the term "bonny" used as an English word, and I presume it is now a recognised term in the vocabulary of young ladies in confidential conversation, and will displace the hackneyed expression, he, she, or it, is "*so nice*."

We may presume that these were not Scotch lassies, or the sketcher would have noted their nationality; besides there are other portions of their conversation which seem to prove their familiar association with the neighbourhood. The Scotch word "bonny" seems very well applied in this case, if we may accept the admission of a lady whom we once heard declare that a gentleman was never seen to better advantage, personally, than when in the act of lifting his hat to a lady.

"WOBBLING."

A great many people will wonder what "wobbling" is, while to others the term will be as familiar as any ordinary word in the language. We do not think it appears in any Act of Parliament, but it stands at the head of a paragraph of police news in a Midland Counties newspaper without note of explanation or "turned commas," as if it were as usual as "swindling" or "drunkenness." For the information of the unlearned in the Midland vocabulary we quote a part of the case:—

> Samuel Collins, of the Lye, was summoned for selling beer without a licence. The information was laid by Police-constable Rea, who, in company with Police-constables Poole and Walton, visited defendant's premises and found a number of men in the house. There was a large quantity of beer upon the premises, and brewing going on, with a four-pull beer engine attached to some barrels partly full in the cellar. Mr. Stokes appeared for the defence, and called the whole of the men who were present, whose evidence went to show that they were in defendant's employ, and were at his house for the purpose of settling when the police entered. Mr. Stokes contended that for the purpose of sustaining the information it was essential that *bonâ-fide* sale of beer should be proved. The evidence for the prosecution failing in this, the magistrates dismissed the summons.

SPRING WATER.

Since, by general admission, spring water is better for supplying towns than river water, it becomes a question of importance whether any of the operations and innovations of modern life will tend materially to diminish or cut off the effluence of water from the heart of the hills. A correspondent of the *Bath Express* thinks that farm drainage is likely to interfere with the springs. He advances one or two other opinions on the subject, apparently the result of study and thought, and we therefore quote a sentence or two from his letter:—

> In reply to the queries of "An Angry Sufferer" in yours of the 1st I beg to suggest, 1st. That the rainfall takes about four weeks to filter down to the springs which supply our reservoirs. If they were filled with surface water it would be softer, but objectionable on account of impurity. 2nd. Ever since the question of increased water supply has been mooted (say three years) we have had a succession of dry seasons. Many well-established springs have fallen off or failed entirely. This may be caused by excess of agricultural drainage, causing the rain to run off at once instead of gradually filtering down to nature's reservoirs.

The question does not at present assume a serious aspect; but facts or suggestions like these are well noted early, that we may watch the results of what we are doing and not allow ourselves by and by to be taken unawares.

THE BALLOT WITHOUT NOMINATION.

Not only do the Canterbury Board of Guardians elect their chairman by ballot, but they seem to forbid everything in the shape of nomination, so that when one gets up to propose a member of the body as chairman, and proceeds to give his reasons for his preference for his nominee, he is immediately called to order, and the ballot proceeds. We quote the passage from the report in the *Kentish Gazette*:—

> Mr. Elgar rose to address the Board on the subject of the election of a chairman; but
>
> Mr. Carter rose to order, and protested against Mr. Elgar's proceeding.
>
> The Mayor referred to the Clerk upon the point of order.
>
> Mr. Carter said no one had ever addressed the Board previously to the election of its officers.
>
> Mr. Elgar said that he wished to speak upon that very question.
>
> The Clerk said that if Mr. Elgar was going to refer to the election he was entirely out of order.
>
> The Mayor thought the Board should hear what Mr. Elgar had to say.
>
> Mr. Elgar, amid cries of "Order" and considerable disorder, said he was going to propose as chairman a gentleman whom it would be very proper to place in the chair. He alluded to Mr. T. W. Collard.
>
> The Mayor told Mr. Elgar he was out of order and must sit down. He appointed Messrs. Elgar and Carter scrutineers of the ballot.
>
> The votes were then taken by ballot, when the numbers appeared as follows:—Mr. Crow, 14; Mr. T. W. Collard, 6; Mr. F. R. Bateman, 1; and one blank.
>
> Mr. Crow was therefore declared re-elected.

Inexperienced outsiders may approve of this plan on the ground that it is likely to lead to the election of the most fitting members for honourable positions; but, judging by some editorial remarks in the paper we have quoted, there is reason to believe that, even under this excessively pure system, members are apt to elect officers by routine. Here are two or three of the editor's sentences:—

> They re-elected to the chair a man who, whatever may be his character for plodding industry and integrity—and we are sure no one would for a moment dispute his possession of these private recommendations—is lamentably unequal to the duties of such a position. It is to his lack of dignity, tact, and firmness in the chair that we must ascribe a good deal of that irregularity and disorder which has gained for the Board its present unenviable notoriety. All, or, at any rate, the majority of the guardians perceive and confess this very palpable fact in secret; yet, owing to causes which are as little creditable to those influenced by them as they are unworthy our wasting time in further exposing them, they weakly allow themselves to be used in perpetuation of a blunder that ought never to have been committed, or, being committed, ought to have been remedied on the first possible opportunity.

In the report of the meeting we find reference to one of the points spoken of above; for, on the vote of thanks to the chairman for his services during the past year:—

> Mr. Rayner seconded, hoping the business would be conducted in a more orderly manner next year, and that the chairman would use his hammer to keep order if required.
>
> Mr. Crow, in returning thanks, said it was sometimes very difficult to keep order, especially when members wished to speak two or three times upon one subject, or two or three at once. In such cases he expressed his determination to throw himself upon the members of the Board, trusting them to support him in his position.

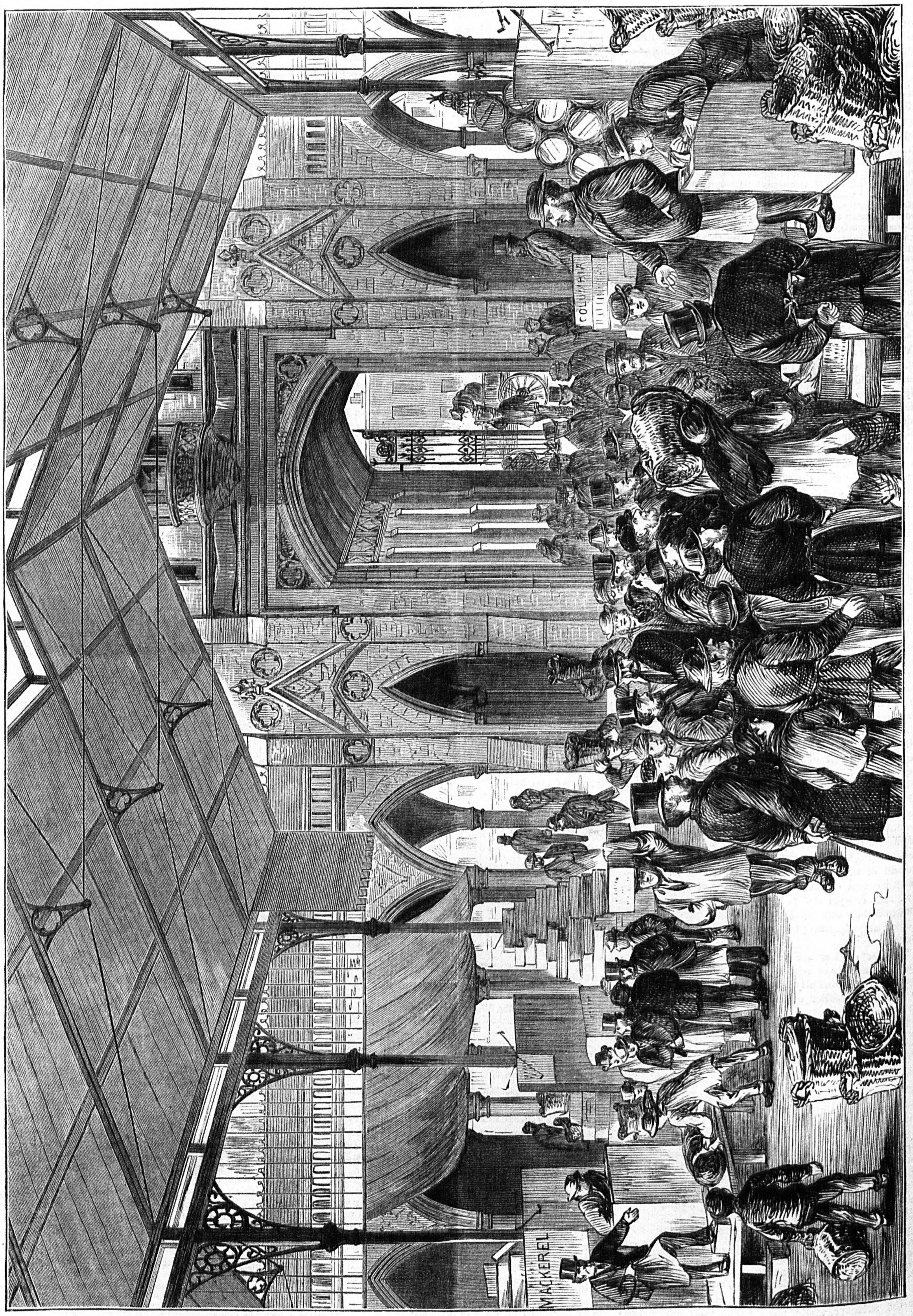
Commenting on these pleasant little speeches, the editor says:—

> Even Mr. Rayner, who is far from being blameless, hoped "the business would be conducted in a more orderly manner next year," and, as a proof of his sincerity, added a wish that "the chairman would use his hammer to keep order if required." Use his hammer! Well, to apply it to the table would be futile, except in adding to the prevailing uproar; but if Mr. Rayner intends that it should be brought in close contact with the skulls of intractable guardians, order may now and then perhaps be extracted out of chaos! Our freshly-excited hopes in this direction find still further encouragement in the declaration with which the chairman followed up Mr. Rayner's very practical suggestion. He was determined, he said, in all cases of persistent disorder, "to throw himself upon the members of the Board!" This, we imagine, will be only in the last resort. And, failing the hammer, it would, doubtless, prove effectual. The president can hardly be described as a light weight, and to throw himself upon a rebellious orator would certainly be a ready mode of extinguishing him! It is to be hoped, however, that the guardians will be more prudent than to provoke the experiment.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE.—A member of the German Parliament gives an interesting account in the *Breslau Gazette* of a conversation he had with Prince Bismarck at a recent *soirée* in the Prince's house relative to the territories taken by Germany from France. With regard to Metz, the Prince said that at first he was not disposed to include that fortress in the territories to be annexed, as he was of opinion that districts whose population is predominantly French could never contribute to the strength of Germany. Ultimately, however, he was induced to abandon this view in the case of Metz, partly because public opinion in Germany "so loudly and decisively demanded the cession of Metz and German Lorraine," but chiefly because the military authorities had assured him that the demolition of the fortifications would, on account of the great natural strength of the place, not be a sufficient protection to Germany, if the city, or even a part of it, were allowed to remain in French hands. "I do not conceal from myself, however," he proceeded, "that the Germanisation of Metz will be much more difficult than that of Strasburg. Metz is a purely French official and military city. Nearly every family there has some of its members in the French army or civil service. Their nationality, too, is thoroughly French. . . . With Strasburg and Alsace it is quite otherwise. There, too, people wish to be French, but they are less adapted to play the part, and do not take it so ill when the imitation is discovered. I remember having a warm discussion, in the interior of France, with an ardent French patriot; and when at last I asked him in German, 'By the way, don't you come from Thuringia?' he was so incensed at the discovery that he left me without saying another word. But if you laugh at the French patois of an Alsatian, he is not offended, and apologises in the South German dialect for his bad French. The French Government will, no doubt, greatly miss Alsatia and the ceded districts of Lorraine, for they belonged to the richest provinces of France, and the loss of the taxes they would have furnished will be considerable. But it should not be thought that the French Government has particularly favoured the Alsatians. They formed an important contingent in the army, and have often obtained places as civil officials, but only in the lower ranks, most of the higher posts having always been given to pure Frenchmen. We shall therefore find in Alsatia, and even in Strasburg, a far more favourable soil than in Metz. . . Mulhouse, however, will give us more trouble, as it is thoroughly republican, and is most closely connected with France through its industry. On the whole it inclines much more to Switzerland than to Germany." As to Belfort, the Prince said that M. Thiers attached great weight in the peace negotiations to Belfort being retained by France, and refused to give it up on his own responsibility. He (Bismarck) wanted to obtain Belfort for Germany; but as it was the only obstacle to the conclusion of the peace preliminaries, and time pressed, he decided to yield the point, especially as he was informed, on high military authority, that the place has no military importance. The districts round Belfort which have been left to France were, it is true, larger and more populous than those which Germany had got in exchange near Thionville; but the former are pure French districts, and their acquisition was therefore undesirable, while the latter "contain some of the most important iron mines in the world, and if coals and the necessary capital were procured to work them, they would give rise to one of the largest and most important industries of Germany."

ABERGELDIE.—Abergeldie Castle, an illustration of which will be found on another page, is situate near Balmoral, the Queen's Scottish residence. Abergeldie Castle, an old turretted square tower, enlarged by modern additions, was once the property of the Mowatts. It used to be inhabited by the Duchess of Kent, and is usually occupied by the Prince of Wales when visiting Scotland.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Diseases of the Skin.—No case of disease of the skin, be its nature what it may, has failed to be benefited by these potent remedies when properly applied. In scrofulous and scorbutic affections they are especially serviceable. Scurvy and eruptions, which had resisted all other modes of treatment and were gradually becoming worse from year to year, have been completely cured by Holloway's cooling Ointment and purifying Pills, which root out disease from the blood itself, leaving the constitution free from every morbid taint. In the nursery Holloway's Ointment should be ever at hand; it will give immediate ease in sprains, contusions, burns, scalds, infantile eruptions, and may always safely be applied by any ordinary attendant.


COLUMBIA
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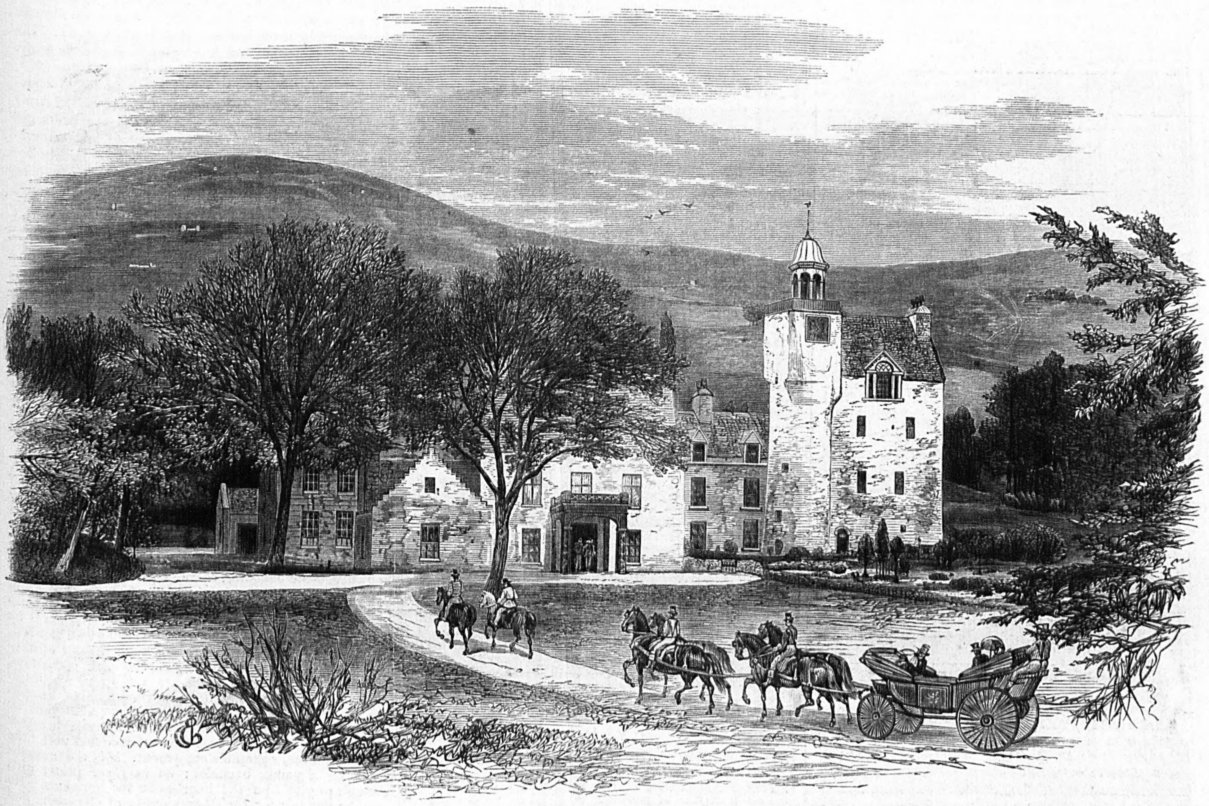
THE COLUMBIA MARKET.



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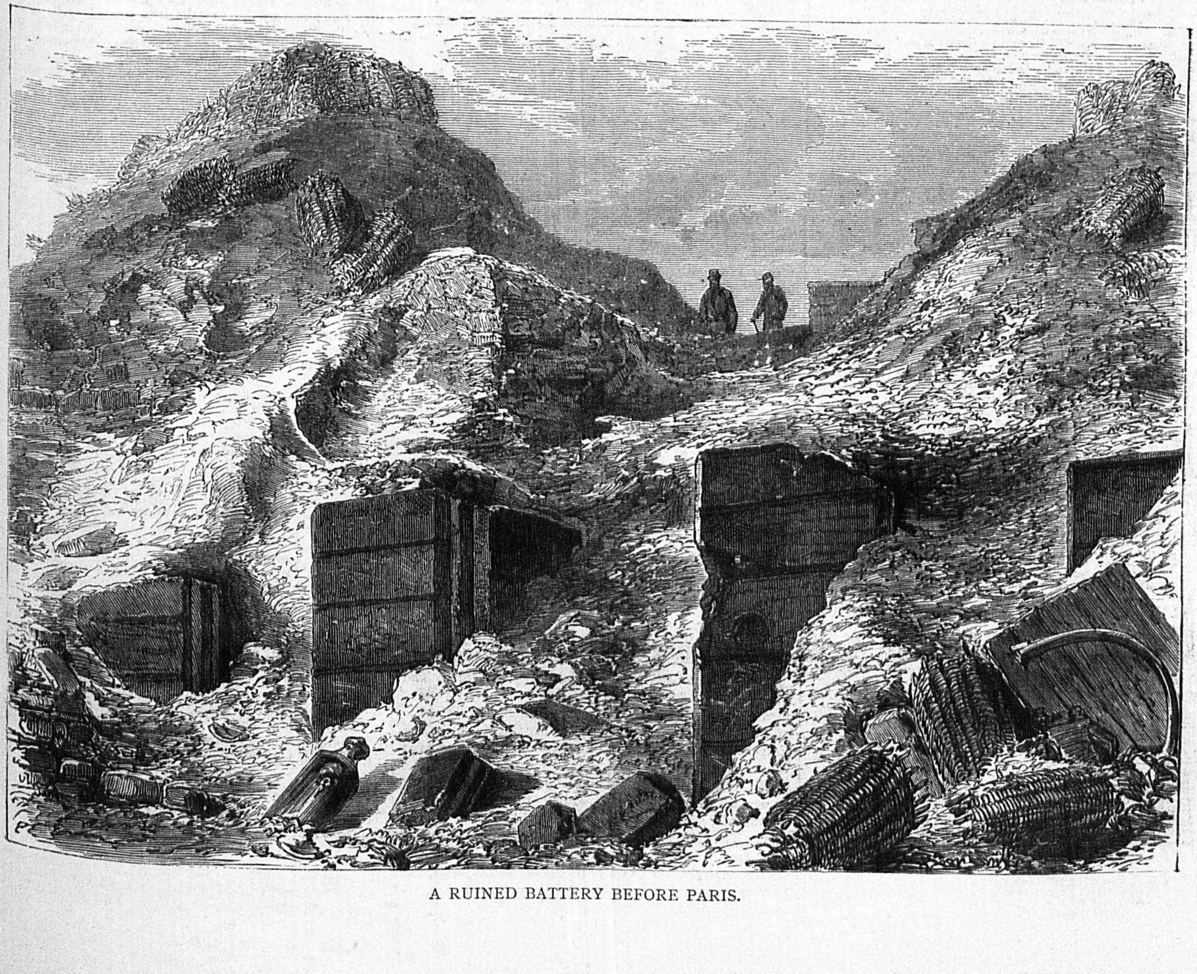

A RUINED BATTERY BEFORE PARIS.

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SUMMER DINING ROOMS ARE NOW OPEN.
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THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER
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This Soap is invaluable. THE PERFUME IS RICH AND ENDURING. Prices 4d. and 6d. per Tablet; and in Boxes of Three Cakes, 1s. and 1s. 6d. the Box.
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"Ample entertainment for the immense circle of readers it deserves to find, and always will find."—*The Times, Oct.* 18, 1870.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.
ONE SHILLING MONTHLY.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES. By the Author of "Christopher Kenrick" and "The Tallants of Barton."
Chap. VII.—The Pleasure of Poetic Pains.
" VIII.—At the Deanery.
" IX.—"A Remarkable Conversation."
" X.—Between the Lights.
See GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for July.

THE PHILOSOPHER OF CHELSEA. See GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for July.

THE TICHBORNE DOLE. See GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for July.

ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND. By CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE. No. IV.—Butler. See GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for July.

THE INNER LIFE OF NAPOLEON. By "ONE WHO KNOWS HIM." See GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for July.

DARTMOOR. By "BLACK MOSS." See GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for July.

THE ASCOT GOLD CUP: A Sporting Sketch. By "WHIZ." See GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for July.

THE LIFE GUARDS. I.—From 1600 to 1714. By AN ARMY CHAPLAIN. See GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for July.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE COMMUNE. By JOHN B. MARSH. See GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for July.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT. A Series of Mosaics from the City. By D. MORIER EVANS. VII.—Bohemian Reminiscences. See GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for July.

TABLE-TALK. By SYLVANUS URBAN, Gentleman. See GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for July.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE is Published by W. H. ALLEN & CO., 13, Waterloo Place, and Sold by all Booksellers.

THE PAISLEY GAZETTE says:—Laden with the memory of 140 years good old Sylvanus Urban begins his new volume with a new novel, "The Valley of Poppies," by the author of "Christopher Kenrick." And what is the Valley of Poppies? It is the parish of Summerdale-in-the-Water—"the sleepy hollow of fairy tales, the lost village, the border-land of life"—of which the perpetual curate was George Himbleton, who is the autobiographical hero of "The Vale of Poppies." We shall have something more to say of this novel, which promises well when the story gets farther on.

THE KENT HERALD of June 1st says:—The first chapters of the new tale by the author of "Christopher Kenrick" are given this month with such a lovely little vignette of the church of "Summerdale-in-the-Water." The genial, happy-minded author gives us a foretaste of a great treat in this story, and we believe it will become as great a favourite with the readers of the GENTLEMAN'S as "Christopher" himself was.

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE.
Weekly, Price SIXPENCE.
Nos. 1 to 21 are now in Print.
Should any difficulty be experienced in procuring Back Numbers, they can be obtained from the Publishing Office, 102, Fleet Street.

THE SCHOOL BOARD OF LONDON. The Official Records of the London School Board, from the first meeting to the present time, are appearing in THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE. The Official Minutes begin in No. 8 of the CHRONICLE, for April 8.
GRANT & CO., Publishers, 102, Fleet Street.

THE SCHOOL BOARDS.—The OFFICIAL LIST OF SCHOOL INSPECTORS and INSPECTORS' DISTRICTS for ENGLAND and WALES, issued by the Education Department of the Committee of Council on Education, appears in the SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE of JULY 8th. Price SIXPENCE.
GRANT & CO., Publishers, 102, Fleet Street.

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WHOLESALE AGENT—WILLIAM GILMOUR, 80, WOOD STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON. [377

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[443

NOTICES.

THE London Publishing Office of this Paper is at 102, Fleet-street, where the trade can now be supplied early on Friday mornings.

COMMUNICATIONS for the Publisher should be addressed to 102, Fleet-street, London, E.C. All letters for the Editor must be addressed "Editor, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, 72, Turnmill-street, London, E.C."

THE rates of charges for Advertisements are as follow:—
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*** ADVERTISEMENTS cannot be received after 12 o'clock on Wednesdays.
THE Paper will be delivered to the Public by any News-agent in London or the Country, at 13s. a year; or free by post from London for 15s., prepaid.

NOTICE.

1. PORTRAITS of the PRINCESS LOUISE and the MARQUIS of LORNE.
2. THE MARRIAGE of the PRINCESS LOUISE and the MARQUIS of LORNE.
3. THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION of 1871 and the HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

A few copies of the above Tinted Lithographs (which were issued as Supplements to the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER) can still be had on application to the Publisher, price SIXPENCE, including an ordinary number of the paper, or on Rollers (to prevent creasing) price SIXPENCE.

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, JULY 15, 1871.

THE Ballot Bill will pass. It will be accompanied with a variety of important electoral changes. Most notable among the secondary features of the measure will be the abolition of nominations. This change will be received with general satisfaction. The nomination is a relic of barbarism. It is a useless exhibition of sound and fury. The *Times* has strenuously opposed the Ballot Bill. In a leader on Tuesday, however, it advises those who are against the measure not to indulge in useless opposition, but to try and improve the Bill in committee.

THERE is to be an emigration meeting at Hyde Park on Sunday next. A committee of gentlemen interested in the subject have prepared an Emigration Bill, which they intend to get introduced into Parliament, in the hope that it may be passed into law during the present session. The preamble of the Bill states that it is desirable to send the unemployed labour of the United Kingdom to the uncultivated but fertile lands in Canada. Provisions of money and assistance then follow, with certain modes of repayment. Petitions in support of the Bill will be submitted to the "mass meeting" for signature, to be presented both to Her Majesty and Parliament.

LONDON has been honoured with royal visitors. The general public do not think our guests have been "right royally" entertained. The Crown Prince and Princess of PRUSSIA have been staying at Prussia House. The Emperor and Empress of BRAZIL have had apartments at Claridge's Hotel. The Prince and Princess have visited the QUEEN, and Her Majesty took them to see a review of 20,000 soldiers. There was to have been a sham fight, but the rain seems to have interrupted this military display. The Emperor and Empress of BRAZIL have done the lions of London in a quiet, unassuming way. We are not happy in our mode of receiving royal guests, but they enjoy amongst us a freedom from State ceremony and display which must be agreeable to them.

SCHOOL Boards are increasing in number and importance every week. The formation of new Boards goes on at the rate of one a day. There are already something like three hundred Boards in existence. The movement is growing and developing most satisfactorily.

THE Duke of RICHMOND has given notice of opposition in the Lords to the passing of the so-called Army Regulation Bill. His lordship will ask the peers not to accept the measure until a complete and comprehensive scheme of military organisation is laid before Parliament. We do not suppose the motion will be seriously pushed, and, if it is, we do not think it will be carried. We, nevertheless, sympathise heartily with those who are disappointed with the Army Bill. The Ministry have broken their promises, and deceived the country in this business. Abolition of purchase must undoubtedly belong to the army of the future. A system which is wrong in principle and pernicious in practice must eventually come to grief. This is the story of promotion by purchase. But what is the army of the future to be? That is the question which the Government undertook to answer; that is the question to which the country ought to insist upon receiving an early reply.

AT THE HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

OUR picture strikes the key-note of happy memories. It recalls many a pleasant afternoon under the shade of boughs by no means melancholy, but made musical by the military band, and bright with pretty faces that are always seen at South Kensington on a popular day. The people you meet here seem to be as happy and as good looking a part of the English race as you will find anywhere—the beholder, of course, always being present himself. They are well dressed, and on an equality in looks and manners. You may brush against a countess and not know it, or a duke may beg your pardon if he treads on your toes. They are wonderfully well blended, and there is no demonstration made on behalf of anybody. They are English people who seek recreation, know where to find it, and are willing to pay for it. Jack who pays his shilling is as good as his master in the tropical court, and may be taken for a marquis by some sweet feminine admirer. You all mix together comfortably and nicely, and you at once feel under the influence of other people's enjoyment. It is a dangerous place for a young bachelor; he may see pretty girls enough to give him the heart-ache for a month. He may be sighing for the Marchioness of Geranium and not know it, although he feels it. But if the case stands so with him, it is not likely he will suffer as Romeo did, for with ease he can take the advice of Benvolio—he can give liberty to his eyes and examine other beauties, seeing that they are to be found on every side; and by the time he has passed some half-dozen flower-beds the Marchioness of Geranium may be forgotten. Here are true types of the English gentleman, stately dames, and lovely children, with pleasant sights for eye and ear, "together with all forms, modes, shows of" loveliness that so truly characterise South Kensington. If you are inclined to satisfy your animal longings, you may take your ease and be supplied with wholesome fare. It is high in quality and higher in price, but when you have partaken it is calculated to make you satisfied with yourself and radiant with good feeling for every one else. When you are tired of leaves and grass and bud and bloom, you may stroll into the English Colosseum, the Albert Hall. It is fearfully and wonderfully made, and will amuse you. If you go round the big gallery at the basement for the purpose of ascending, and finally find yourself where you started, you may be attracted by the notices, "This way to the tea-room," with "fists," that may lead you to suppose the one tea-room is situate in every part of the building. It is by no means certain that you will find the tea-room, but when you do you may regret it. After you have made an attempt to get your teeth into one of the rolls and sweeten the doubtful beverage with a waitress's smile, you may feel disposed to go out of this cave. On ascending, you will again find yourself in that dark circular gallery. Do not walk round it again, but go cautiously to the left for a few yards, and you will come to the Lift. It is generally either up or down. If it is up, you will presently see it coming down like a deputation from Olympus, with the Mercury of the company taking coppers. Then you get in, and make remarks to any willing hearer about the hydraulic system and the novelty of lifts. If you ask the conductor how the lift is worked, and he replies "A penny, sir," give him a penny, and do not pursue the conversation. By this time you will have reached the top, and you will, no doubt, find yourself in very good company. When you have done with the pictures, look over the railings into the arena, and you will see chairs enough to make you laugh—that is, if you do laugh when you see a great number of chairs. You will also behold a "most miraculous organ" that we should imagine capable of playing all the oratorios at one time. By this time, you will, no doubt, have learnt to take care of yourself, so we will not trouble you with further directions.

In going over South Kensington, one cannot fail to remember how much we owe to the late Prince Consort, who was the cause of giving us so beautiful a place.

SCENE AT A MUNICH BREWERY.

MUNICH is a real old German town—German in all its manners and customs, and German in its love for that drink of drinks, beer. They brew good ale at Munich, and drink deep thereof. Reader, if you have been in Bavaria, you will know how faithful our engraving is to the men and women who live there; and if you have not been in that part of the world, we advise you to look at the picture all the more carefully, for you may go some day, and it will teach you more of the people you may expect to see than a whole volume. The artist has an advantage over the writer. He tells a story that can be read at a glance by men of all nations. Our engraving is from a celebrated picture by a celebrated German artist, Schraudolph, and is a scene in the back grounds of a brewery at Munich. To the right we have a string band entertaining the company. The elderly troubadour is performing upon the clarionet, an instrument that plays a conspicuous and squeaky part in the German bands that visit this country. In such troops the musician who handles the clarionet enjoys peculiar privileges. As far as our experience extends, he is the leader, and commences what strain he chooses, the others waiting a few minutes and joining in one by one as they discover the tune. He begins when he likes, what he likes, and how he likes, always keeping a long way ahead of the others, and as a rule finishing before they have half done. When this is the case he will probably begin the Old Hundredth as a kind of accompaniment to the harmony of his brethren, and when they at last have completed the selection, he will continue warbling alone, while they go round with the hat. Close to the band is a party of tourists evidently enjoying the scene. The old gentleman in the centre has nearly got to the end of his enjoyment, and has probably realised that a quart of ale is a dish for a king, but that you cannot drink it and have it. The Falstaffian old gentleman to the left has doubt in his face, and his countenance savours somewhat of anger also. He does not like the bill, but he will pay it, although he may grumble. The child to the right may be true to life, but we do not admire him. His head is by no means an ordinary one. It is highly developed, and is an outward and decidedly visible sign of inward precocity. Having given the thoughts that came uppermost on glancing at the picture, we now leave the reader to do likewise.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

"Domestic Happiness," on page 296, is a sketch made in a German village, and is in itself a complete little poem. It is a picture of peasant life and pleasant life. There is the wife, dutiful and beautiful, waiting for her good man, and making her leisure hours useful. The children play at bo-peep, and the mother smiles over her knitting at her little ones. The village church stands in the distance, and there is a line of cottage smoke struggling and curling up to look over the tree-tops at the sinking sun, which has set the clouds all ablaze, and is even streaming in at the rustic window to look at the peasant's pots and pans.

A LOOK INTO THE OPEN AIR.

The old bookworm in our picture has grown tired of volumes and papers, and is taking a look into the open air. At the window his attention is rivetted. A pair of lovers are kissing each other in the solitary street, and the old man looks on cautiously and with interest. The incident has probably awakened his mind to past scenes in his own days of youth and love. He seems to regard them with a mixed feeling of regret for his own flame that has burnt down to the socket, and pity for the sorrow that may be in store for them. The lovers are full of love and passion, and the old man is crammed with wise saws, reflection, and sarcasm.

> Crabbed age and youth
> Cannot live together:
> Youth is full of pleasance,
> Age is full of care;
> Youth like summer morn,
> Age like winter weather;
> Youth like summer brave,
> Age like winter bare.

And so the picture is verified by the poet. The artist has shown that "youth is full of sport," and that "age's breath is short," for the old man is panting at the window with the exertion he has made, whilst the lovers outside have breath enough to "pluck up kisses by the roots" after their long walk. Again, the picture shows and the poet says that—

> Youth is nimble, age is lame;
> Youth is hot and bold,
> Age is weak and cold;
> Youth is wild, and age is tame.

This is the lesson of the picture. The artist has given us the contrast between youth and age, when the love is in and the love is out. It is two scenes from two acts in the Seven Ages: "the lover sighing like furnace," and "the lean and slippered pantaloon, with spectacles on nose," whilst his "big, manly voice, turning again toward childish treble, pipes and whistles in his sound."

THE GERMAN WAR NAVY.

The special correspondent of the *Daily News* recently at Wilhelmshaven writes as follows respecting the German war navy:—The Prussian war navy, handed over to the North German Confederation and now become the Imperial navy, owes its initiation to Prince Adalbert, who is now the admiral commanding it. In the early days it was officered partly by officers of other nationalities, and by suitable men taken from the merchant navy. A naval school for training young officers was, however, very soon instituted, and for a long time none have been admitted into the navy except through its portals. The following are the tests applied to a young officer to ensure his efficiency. The entry of a cadet is admissible between the ages of sixteen and seventeen; the applicant must come with a certificate that he has passed a gymnasium examination in the first class, and he has in addition to pass a stiff examination on the following subjects. Arithmetic, geometry, trigonometry, stereometry, spherical trigonometry, physics (comprehending optics, acoustics, heat, electricity, magnetism, electro-magnetism, and induction), geography (physical and political), French and English languages, drawing; and, when not educated in a gymnasium, history and Latin in addition. The aspirant then serves for one year in the cadet-ship, when he goes up for his examination for the rank of midshipman. The following are the subjects on which he has to satisfy by no means lenient inquisitors:—Navigation, elements of astronomical geography, logwork, &c. (technical and theoretical), taking solar, lunar, stellar, and planetic observations; construction and use of charts; practical acquaintance with the use and construction of the sextant, barometer, thermometer, sympiesometer, chronometer, the deviation of the compass, &c.; seamanship in all its details, practical and theoretical; examination in artillery; knowledge of powders—their composition, explosive force, burning speed, and projectile power; ability to judge between good and bad powder; methods of proving powders; the stowage of powder in magazines, afloat and ashore; transport of powder; classification and nomenclature of projectiles; acquaintance with their proper charges; knowledge of guns, gun carriages, and armour plating; knowledge of gunnery practice; with many other topics of a more technical and intricate kind. The lad then goes afloat on service for two or three years as midshipman, and then enters the Naval School of Kiel, where he studies for a year or a year and a half, at the end of which time he presents himself for his examination to pass from midshipman to lieutenant. This examination covers the same ground as the former, but is much more testing. He is probed to the bottom in navigation and seamanship, including tactics. Among the artillery subjects he is questioned as to the parabola in the flight of round shot and shell, the effects of impact with given materials, penetrating power of different projectiles, the probabilities of objective points, the details of foreign artillery armaments, and the use and effects of small arms in naval actions. In naval engineering he must have a full knowledge of machinery, including principles of condensation, expansion, &c., and of shipbuilding in all its details. He must be up in land fortifications and the manœuvres of an infantry force on shore. He must have full acquaintance with the regulations affecting discipline, and have the penal code (which is the same as that in force among the German land troops) at his fingers' ends. He must be accomplished in topographical draughtsmanship and in the construction of plans for batteries, and in the impromptu defence of places. In mathematics he has to demonstrate familiarity with the differential and integral calculi. Having thus shown himself to be an Admirable Crichton, he is then at liberty to wait for his vacancy as sub-lieutenant. When midshipman, he enjoys the daily pay of 1s 6d. sterling on shore; afloat, 2s. or 2s. 6d. extra as table money. He must serve two years at least as sub-lieutenant before promotion to lieutenant, but the average is from three to five years' service prior to the occurrence of a vacancy. After an average service of about six years as lieutenant he becomes captain-lieutenant. At present this grade is attained without any additional examination, but it is intended to create an institution to be called the "Naval High School," of a similar character with the War School, attendance at which for a certain time is to be compulsory before the attainment of the rank of captain-lieutenant. As captain-lieutenant the term of service may average about six years; the next grade being commander; the higher ranks are, as with us, captain and admiral, the attainment to which is wholly dependent on the occurrence of vacancies. Promotion is, without exception, by seniority; it being assumed, and surely not without cause, that efficiency is secured in all by the rigorous examinations which have to be undergone. The naval service is, with the exception of the officers of the merchant service taken into it at the beginning, and still remaining, wholly an aristocratic one. It is the fashion to join it, and it is at once compulsory and the fashion to pass good examinations in it. It is an achievement, the secret of which the Germans seem alone of European nations to have mastered, how to make it the fashion with young noblemen to work, as he who worketh that he may live. On board a first-rate the following is the cadre of officers:—1st. Captain; 2nd, Commander; 3rd. Navigating Lieutenant (who is always a captain-lieutenant, and is the senior officer next to the commander); 4th. Gunnery Lieutenant (who is also senior officer of the watch), and two or three junior watch-officers (lieutenants), with the quantum of lieutenants. Under the navigating lieutenant there is no sailing master, the former is responsible for the sailing of the ship, and is aided by the best midshipmen on board. Similarly the gunnery lieutenant has no gunner under him, but is responsible for all artillery details himself. It is noticeable how, by the test of seniority, greater stress seems to be laid upon navigation than gunnery; on the same principle, probably, that in a cavalry regiment the horses are always objects of greater solicitude than the men. Every ship in the German service, even the smallest gunboat, is provided with detailed drawings and sections of every foreign war ship. Its weak points are specifically stated, and details given as to the spots to be aimed at with most likelihood of disabling the machinery. "My word," to quote the *naïve* remark of an officer with whom I happened to have conversation on this topic—"My word, I know the ships of your fleet better than your own young officers." And I saw enough to make me certain that this was no empty boast. Every ship possesses accurate and detailed charts of the naval ports of the world; and the examination to which officers are subjected on this, as on other topics, ensures their acquaintance with them, so that pilots, the want of which was one of the piteous complaints of the French naval officers on the farcical northern cruise of their fleet, are capable in emergency of being dispensed with. "L'Orient is a very difficult port to make; I would not like to try that without a pilot. Plymouth! there is not a lieutenant in the German navy who could not take a ship into Plymouth in the night time." This was what a naval officer quietly told me with whom I happened to have a talk on maritime affairs in a Berlin restaurant, and his testimony is confirmed from other sources. It seems plain Germany does not want for naval officers—her lack is of a fleet and of a seaboard. The solution of the fleet problem is simple, if costly; the consideration of the other matter involves questions into which I do not feel called upon to enter.

One word about the seamen. They are drawn from the seafaring population in the same manner as the army is from the inland population, the term of service being for three years. There are four classes. The first class, from which the petty officers are found, comes from a naval school, the pupils of which enter as boys, and are taught seamanship in youth. The term of service of this class is twelve years, after which they are provided for in various capacities in the civil service of the Crown, in the same way as long service non-commissioned officers in the army. The pay of the first-class seaman is about 1s. 4d. per day, in addition to food and clothing. It does not seem to be the custom to retain, while ships are not in commission, the services of any save these first-class men. At Wilhelmshaven there are only about 200 sailors, who live in barracks on shore, and are all first-class men, in every sense of the word. Some difficulty might be experienced in getting together efficient crews for a fleet at short warning. It is not sufficient to have good seamen, such as the merchant service would furnish; it would seem to a non-professional man that some experience in the handling of great guns would be advantageous. It is not easy to see how they can be obtained with a scratch crew; nor is it easy to see how, if indiscriminate and unconditional discharges are given when a ship is paid off, anything but a scratch crew can be got together on short notice, taking into consideration the long absences from home of so many seamen.

Not the least interesting question affecting naval matters which the late war brought up was that of torpedoes. The opinion of those whose experience of them was largest is not favourable to the value of fixed torpedoes. It is impossible to be certain that they remain stationary. "You never know where they are," was the pithy remark made to me concerning those at the mouth of the Jade. Often they go adrift and get in a tangle in a single night, and they block the road for friends as well as foes. The best means for the application of torpedoes is judged to be by means of boats constructed specially as torpedo-boats, which in a single night can lay down a belt of torpedoes in a fleet's pathway, or a ring of them round a fleet, ensuring the minimum of getting-adrift possibility. But my informant's sententious summary was, "Torpedoes will never supersede forts, ships, and big cannon, although they may help at a pinch."

I have to acknowledge gratefully the frank and ready kindness with which Vice-Admiral Yachmann gave me permission to visit and write freely of the port and yard of Wilhelmshaven. Captain Przensinski, the commander of the port, was good enough to place every facility in my way; and I had the advantage of a skilled and most agreeable cicerone in Lieutenant von Kroppy. Captain Przensinski served as a midshipman in the British navy during the Crimean war, and Lieutenant von Kroppy is well known in naval circles in England.

NEW MUSIC.

(London: Boosey and Co., Holles-street, W.)

Lillie's First Music Book. Beautifully illustrated and printed on toned paper. Price, half-a-crown.

A Morn of May. Song by Jean Ingelow. Music by Comyn Vaughan.

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From Fleeting Pleasures. By the composer of "Jerusalem the Golden." Transcribed for the pianoforte by F. Stanislaus.

(London: Hopwood and Crew.)

Ours. Valse by J. Meredith Ball.

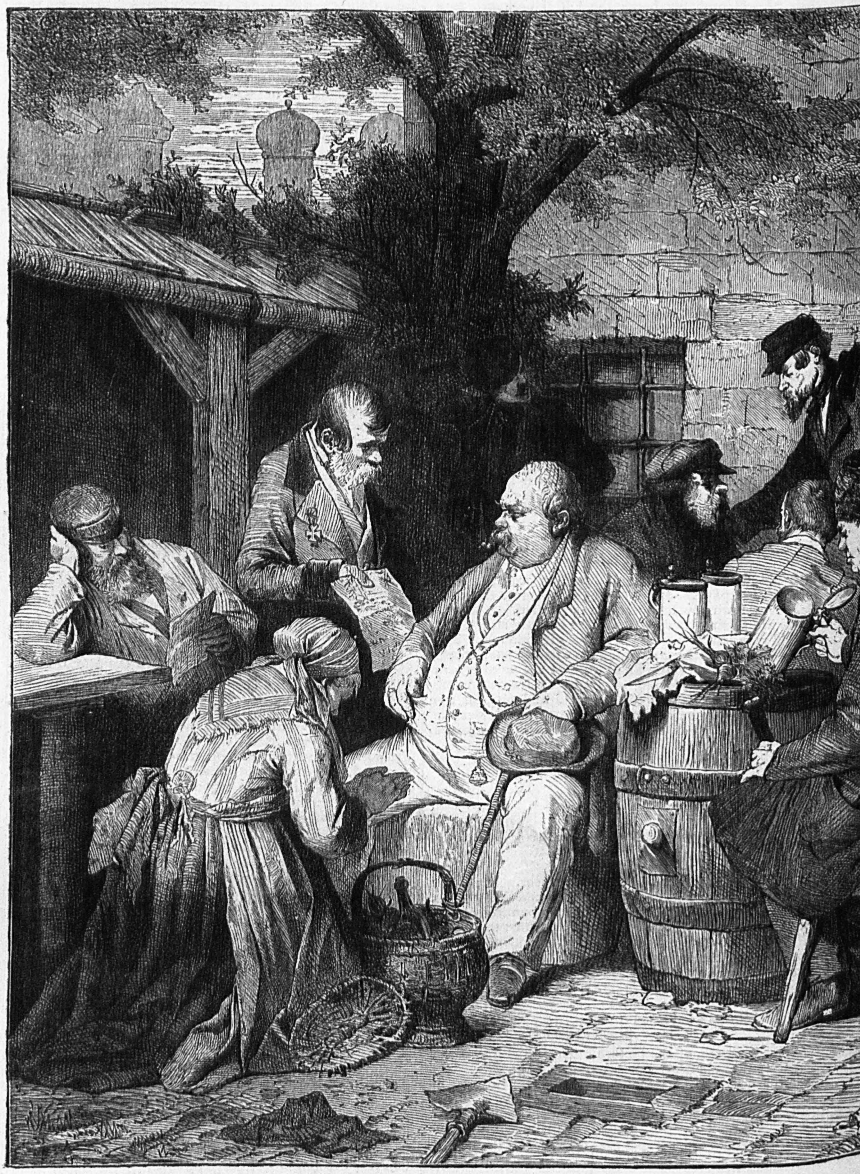
Je me Souviens. Par W. Ganz.

Evening Bringeth my Heart to Thee. Ballad by F. Campana.

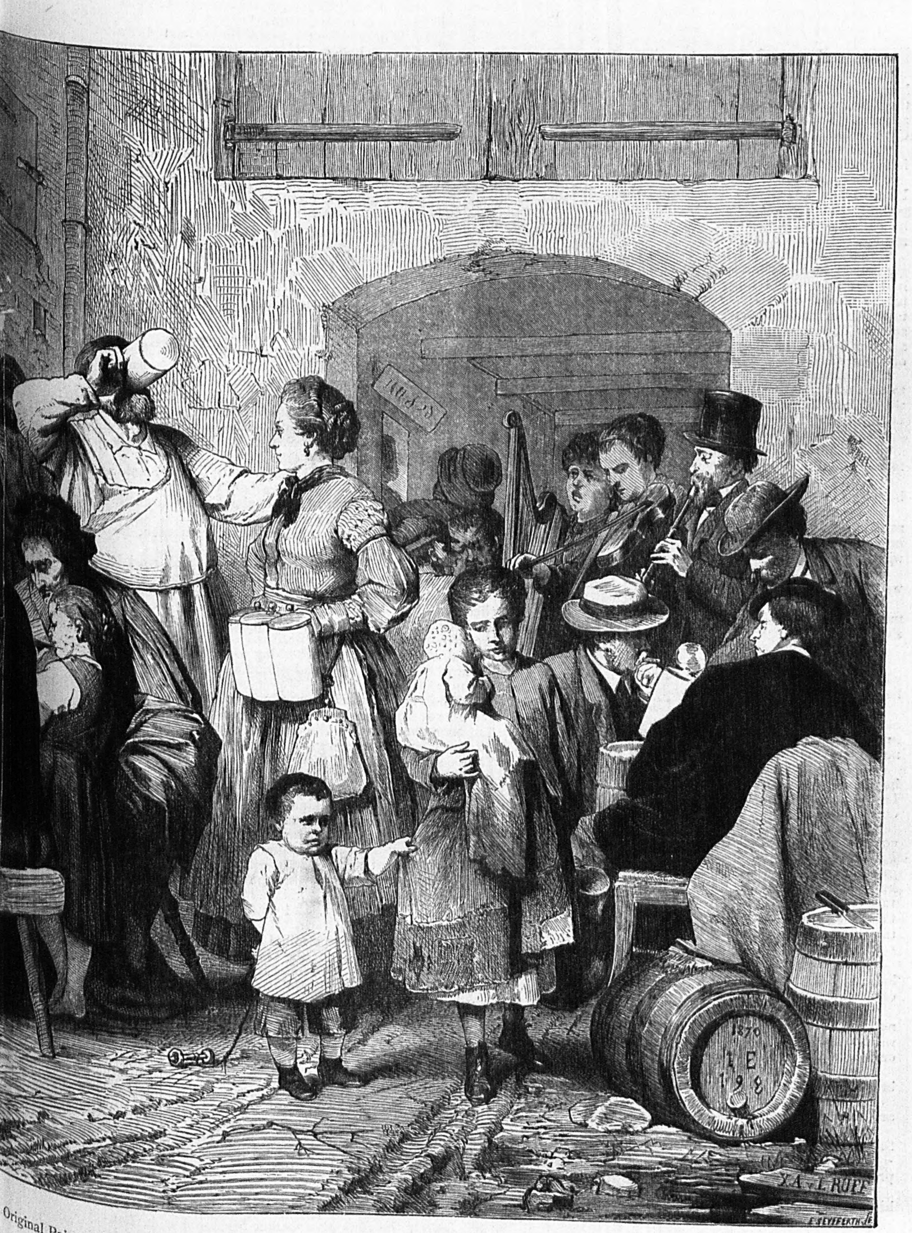
A Ruined Battery before Paris.—We this week give an addition to our "Pictures of Paris." It represents a ruined battery, and will be found on our 289th page.

We have received a specimen of the Volta-Electric penholders and pens, and can highly recommend them. The penholder, partly composed of metallic plates, is voltaic, and attracts the fingers, making a nervous hand steady. The pens and holders are so well made that they would be worth the purchase even if they had no electric properties.

The *Melbourne Argus* publishes an abstract of the report of the Mining Department, according to which the number of miners employed in getting gold was, on the 31st December, 1870, 59,247, less by 4,540 than at the end of the previous year. Of these, 43,879 were alluvial miners, who on the average earned £61 8s. 5¾d. per annum, and 16,486 were quartz miners, who earned £133 3s. 11¼d. The estimated total value of the machinery and mining plant employed on the gold-fields on the 31st December, 1870, was £2,128,896, showing an increase as compared with the estimate for 1869 of £20,227. There was a considerable increase in the number of distinct quartz reefs, and in the extent of auriferous land opened up by the miners. It is estimated that gold of the value of £157,593,313 has been raised in the colony since the discovery of the gold fields. The gold-mining interest in the Ballarat district, hitherto the most productive in the colony, is presenting brighter prospects. The yield of gold keeps up well, while dividends are becoming more frequent, and a few important discoveries of new ground have been chronicled. The returns from Sandhurst and the other districts are very satisfactory, and taken as a whole they give full justification for the opinion, now pretty generally entertained, that the decline in the yield of gold which has been recorded for some years past has been stopped.



AT A MUNICH BREW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Original Painting by E. Schraudolph.

BY RAIL TO "THE WILLOWS."

By BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER III.

"NOT IN BED YET, GIRLS!"

"I'M tired to death, dear, and I'm sure you must be. I didn't miss a dance."

Sarah and Emily Hornibrook were in their bedroom. The eastern sky was pale, and the candles on their dressing-table burned yellowly and shabbily in the blue light of dawn. The young ladies looked tired and flushed, as the freshest and gayest girls *will* look, albeit in their eighteenth summer, after six or seven hours spent dancing in hot, overlighted rooms. They had thrown gloves and cloaks and flowers down in a pretty confusion.

"You are the giddiest thing, Emmy, I ever saw. You dance with anybody and everybody."

"Of course I do. I love dancing; while you, Sarah, sit as demure as a judge, talking about all kinds of learned nonsense. I hate clever partners. They're never good dancers. They're so witty they manage to put their foot through your skirts before they have got once round the room."

"Your skirts were safe to-night, Emmy."

"How are yours, dear?"

There was wicked merriment in Miss Emily's eyes. Sarah gently tapped her sister's cheek.

"What do you mean by that? It would have been difficult to excuse any gentleman's clumsiness to-night on account of his wit, I'm sure."

"I never saw such a queer collection! Did you notice the old lady with a bird of Paradise in her hair, with a fan as large as one of our fire-screens? That was her husband with the enormous watch appendages, who said 'Miss' to everybody, and was eating ices in every conceivable corner of the house. His son was the tall, fair young man with the long neck, who had had his hair curled for the occasion."

"A vulgar boy, Emmy dear; don't talk of him."

"He must be an intimate friend of the Smithetts, for I heard him call Miss Smithett 'Clemmy.'"

"They would make a charming couple!"

"Well, I confess I have been amused. Mrs. Smithett was gorgeous in her *moire antique*. She has feathers enough in her fan to trim a dozen babies' hats. I think she asked me twenty times whether I was quite comfortable. I heard her tell twenty people that there was wine on the sideboard in the dining-room. And then, how she ordered her husband about!"

"He seems to be a kind, good creature."

"A sweetmeat of a man, dear, but so stupid! I'm sure he did more than any of the servants, and was scolded into the bargain. Whenever his wife came across him, she darted something at him. He wasn't attending to his guests; Mr. Somebody or Mrs. Somebody had not had a thing since they had been in the house. Poor man! he looked so hot and ridiculous!"

"I think he offered me sherry half a dozen times at least," said Sarah. "I suppose it's a Lancashire custom. Papa laughed at him. He's not elegant. No *fine fleur* like Captain Marshall, but I like him, Emmy."

"And Miss Clemmy?" Emily asked, slily, tittering, and fluttering about the room.

"Ugh! my dear, that is vulgarity, if you please. Her mother is a countrywoman with no affectation, and her father is a kind, rough man of business; but she—well, don't let us talk about her at this time in the morning."

"Did you see the jewellery she had got on? More than her mother had, I do believe. I saw her brother looking at her twenty times, and not only at *her*, let me tell you."

Emily was folding a shawl as she spoke. She paused, with a corner of it held between her teeth, and looked—a very rogue—for Miss Sarah's reply.

"Well!" said Miss Sarah, unabashed.

"Well! You sly creature, you! *I* saw you!"

"Saw what? My dear Emmy, that wild head of yours has always some strange crotchet in it. Do you think that, because you like to whisk about a room and laugh with everybody, and have half a dozen vapouring boys round you, other people who can enjoy a little rational conversation are flirting?"

The colour had rushed into Sarah's cheeks. Her big grey eyes were fiery, and her white teeth shone between the deep crimson of her lips. She had let her hair fall about her shoulders. The silver, early daylight cast a sweet bloom upon the perfect picture of an English girl.

"You wicked thing!" Emily continued, proceeding the while with the folding of her shawl; "I know you think I'm a little fool. But I've got a pair of eyes in my head, dear; and I'm not incurably idiotic. Do you think I didn't see you talking by the hour together with young Mr. Smithett? You should have heard what that Clementina Smithett, as they call her, said."

"What Clementina Smithett said, indeed! It's just like those vulgar people who are not used to the common courtesies of society. I dare say her mother had something to say because I didn't take a dozen glasses of sherry."

"You're a clever girl, dear," said Emmy.

"My dear Emmy, when I'm in a room I would rather talk with a cultivated person than with one of your narrow-minded housewives, who think you are a fool, and something worse, if you don't know how to flavour a custard. People give these exemplary persons more credit than they deserve. They are praised as such devoted, single-minded creatures, when they are simply doing the things that are natural to them. There's no more sacrifice in their putting their noses all day long into pies and puddings, than there is in your dancing fifteen dances—three with Captain Marshall. I like conversation, and I have spent my evening to my own liking, Emmy. Is there anything strange in that?"

Emily ran up to her sister, and kissed her. "You wicked thing, you. How can you sit there and talk to me in that way? Why, you were together all the evening, at supper, when those stupid fireworks were let off in the garden. I saw you sitting in the hall. Who put your cloak on?"

"I haven't patience with you, Emmy. Yes—who put my shawl on? Who nearly dragged it off? When I was getting into the carriage, a man I've seen about often—I expect he belongs to Mr. Smithett's factory—dressed up as a servant, got his arm entangled in it in some way, and nearly pulled me back."

Emily laughed out. "It was Towse, dear; universal Towse. Towse does everything. All the Smithetts were calling for him. I saw Clementina Smithett give him a push, and tell him to keep down stairs; but he wasn't to be put down. He wore his black coat like a strait-waistcoat. I've no doubt he made the tarts!"

"Ugh! you nasty creature, Emmy!"

"I made such a supper. I was quite ashamed of myself. My plate travelled all over the table."

"Did you hear Mr. Smithett's speech?"

"Hear it, my dear!—I thought I should have died with laughter. It was all very well for you—you were close by the door, but I was right under his nose. I daren't look at papa. Young Smithett looked awfully annoyed, and Captain Marshall ate his handkerchief."

"And well the son might be annoyed, to see his father make such a ridiculous exhibition."

"Young Mr. Smithett's college friend sat next to me. I heard him whisper to somebody behind him, while poor Mr. Smithett was hesitating and stumbling: 'Why, he catches at his meaning like a drunken man at a railing.' It wasn't bad, was it?"

Sarah laughed. "Only I don't think the old gentleman had any meaning to catch at, Emmy. He had got all the old things, as papa said, which are hardly tolerable at agricultural dinners, and are intolerable in private society. As we came home, papa said: 'The proudest moment of some men's lives appears to be when they are making the greatest fools of themselves.'"

"Then there was Mrs. Smithett begging her husband to sit down; and that Miss Mallalieu frowning across the table at us, because we tittered. She thought every word honey. Young Smithett was short enough."

"And the most sensible thing he could be, Emmy."

"Oh! that of course. My dear, he is a miracle of a man."

"If you're going to talk nonsense, Emmy, you had better go to bed at once."

Emily chuckled and still flitted busily about the room, putting all the little womanly fineries of the ball into their sweet compartments in the drawers scented with lavender from the garden.

"I don't think it would be very foolish if we both went to bed."

"I can hear papa stamping about down stairs. He must have nearly finished his cigar by this time, I should think."

"I wonder whether young Mr. Smithett smokes."

Miss Sarah took up her shawl and threw it at her sister, whose head and shoulders were buried in it. You could hear her muffled laughter still under it.

"I'll teach you to be rude, Miss Emmy. Young Smithett indeed! It's so likely I should fall suddenly in love with Mrs. Smithett's son. I should advise you not to let papa hear you, even in fun."

"My dear, much more extraordinary things have happened; and happen every year. Remember the Lady of Lyons, dear. Didn't Pauline marry a gardener's son?"

"When he had become a general; and how she could look in his face again I could never imagine. If I had married him, and left him because he was a gardener, I would not have been reconciled when he had become a general. But what has all this stupid talk to do with the Smithett's party? It's rather late to talk about the 'grand old gardener and his wife'—and that kind of thing. I'm sleepy."

"Sleepy! I could begin over again."

"Girls, girls," Mr. Hornibrook growled kindly, knocking at his daughters' door; "haven't you finished chattering yet? It's time to be asleep. Good night."

"Good night, papa!" the two girls sang in musical notes that struck straight to the widower's heart, as he went to his lonely chamber, sadly remembering her who once waited him there.

The next morning, at a late breakfast, Mr. Hornibrook gossiped with his girls over the morning paper.

"You look none the better, girls, for last night's amusement—if amusement it could be called."

"Ha! papa; I'm sure I amused myself very much. Sarah, too, was delighted with her evening."

Miss Emily glanced merrily at her sister, who was presiding over the tea-pot.

"What, Sarah!" said Mr. Hornibrook, who had a high respect for his elder daughter's intellect. "You were amused—with that kind of society. Who—what amused you?"

Emily was choking with suppressed laughter. Sarah coloured—not because she was guilty, but because she knew her sister's thoughts, and could not explain them. She was bold, however; although, for a moment, confused.

"The people amused me. You must confess, papa, that some of them were very droll. Did you ever see such dresses?"

"Dresses, my dear; I don't care about dresses. Why, you girls wouldn't do for the Book of Fashions. No, no; I like the homespun elegance, not the *modiste's* ribbons and flounces. It's the pretension and aping I detest—the false this and false the other. I hold in abhorrence the veneer, my dear Sarah—that's it."

"It's very true, papa—I meant what you mean—but couldn't express it so well."

"You can express your ideas well enough, my dear, as a rule. When I tell you that I mean Miss Smithett, and that kind of girl, you will thoroughly understand me. She is no companion for you girls, mind that. She is vulgarity itself. She looked as though she had put on everything she had in the world."

"And everything she ought not to have had, my dear."

"But I liked Mr. Smithett, papa, although he's not a pattern of elegance;" said Emily, interposing. She must say a kind thing.

"An honest kind of man, Emmy, who doesn't pretend to be more than he is. He wants education; but that, I suppose, he can't help. His son is much better. At any rate, Mr. Smithett has had the sense to give his boy a good education."

Emily glanced maliciously at Sarah, who would not, but did, see the malice.

"But it will want more than one generation to wash the cotton out of that family," Mr. Hornibrook continued. "I wish none of these people had come among us. My dears, if I knew where they were certain not to go, I would sell The Willows to-morrow."

"Sell The Willows!" the two girls exclaimed, as though their father had said he would cut off his right hand.

"Aye, that I would, to-morrow. I have talked to Carnegie about it."

The girls were terror-struck.

"I would sell every stick and every acre."

"Papa, dear," cried Emily. Sarah remained silent.

"When these loud, bustling, vulgar people are all round about the old, beautiful home, I don't recognise it as the quiet spot where you children were born, and where I was born before you, and your grandfather and great-grandfather before us."

"And you seriously intend to sell The Willows, papa," Sarah now said, very gravely indeed.

"Did I say I intended to sell?" Mr. Hornibrook answered, a little savagely. "I believe I said if I could find a spot like The Willows of the days gone by. But such a spot is not to be found, I'm afraid, in all England. Iron and cotton are eating us quiet people out of the country. Who has got my old friend Blakely's place? Why, a millowner, who married his cook. Who sleeps in Betterton Manor? Why, a fortunate grinder, who goes home to it drunk every day of his life! You children don't know what is passing in the country." And shaking his fist in the direction of Mr. Smithett's new villa, Mr. Hornibrook continued, "But *you* don't have The Willows. It's a small place; but six generations of gentlemen have lived and died in it."

"Then you will not sell it, papa dear," Emily said, earnestly and timidly.

"Sell it!—not a blade of grass about it—their cattle should rot first! Give me some more tea."

Men are not logical in a passion—nor are women, for the matter of that.

Mr. Hornibrook dashed his *Times* open, and read it as though it were a letter from his mortal enemy.

The girls looked at each other through an awkward silence. Both would have been glad to escape, but neither had the courage to make a move. Mr. Hornibrook, however, presently dismissed them with a gentle "Well, children, have you nothing to do to-day?"

They both rose alertly, and glided from the breakfast-parlour.

Full half an hour had elapsed when Mr. Hornibrook came forth from the breakfast-parlour. His daughters had been chattering all the time at the door that led to the soft lawn and glowing cedars behind The Willows. They could have talked there by the hour together; their father had given them subject enough. They fluttered, and were going busily away, as he approached them, but they saw the wonted kindness in his warm face, and tarried. He was the old papa again.

"Idle little chits," said he gaily, taking a hand of each, "So you thought I was going to sell The Willows. No! not while a swallow remains about it. Put your hats on, and let us see what the gardeners are about.—Well, how goes the garden, Mike?"

Mike touched his hat, and said, "I never see'd so much varmin about."

Father and daughters strolled happily along.

Mr. Hornibrook took the opportunity of saying, "Mind, my dears, here our acquaintance with the Smithetts begins and ends."

"But, papa dear, we *must* leave cards," Emily boldly remonstrated.

Mr. Hornibrook looked puzzled for a moment.

"It would look so very rude."

"Well, well, girls, yes—you mustn't be rude. Leave your cards, and there the matter ends. *Mind!* I dare say Marshall was astonished to see us there. He tells me he is staying at Andwell's."

"A conceited fop," muttered Sarah.

CHAPTER IV.

"WE MUST LEAVE CARDS."

"WELL, the governor has done it at last, Towse," said Mr. Joseph (he had been called Master Joe in Lancashire). "What order of architecture do you call this, Towse?" Mr. Joseph was examining the new stables; and enjoying his first pipe after luncheon.

Mr. Joseph was a good specimen of the young men of the day—albeit he had a pipe in his mouth. A square, muscular figure, with limbs lightly and elegantly set; a fair face, with a full blue eye; an aquiline nose, and a high, square forehead; with hair close-cropped, and moustache and whisker just darkening the cheek and upper lip. He had that open and brave look and bearing which cultivated young Englishmen are used to keep, and which is a grace that stands well, it seems to me, in the stead of the saucy, supercilious air which the college boys of France wear on all occasions. Mr. Joseph had the whitest hands, his mother said, in the world. White hands are the only effeminate mark women admire in men. Mr. Joseph might have laid both his hands in one of his father's, and there would still have been room to spare.

"Yes," Mr. Smithett would say, "the lad's hands are like those of a dainty lass; and mine are coarse with labour. But, mind me, mother, the labour that spoiled mine made his what they are."

The easiest way of putting Mr. Joseph out of temper was to praise these little hands and his fine complexion. For he prided himself on every kind of muscular exercise; and in default of cricket would play at rounders. He would have been thankful for paws like those of a waterman.

"Order of architecture, Master Joseph? Well, I'm sure I can't say. A man by the name o' Hockin built it. I know that."

"Going up to town this morning, Towse?"

"Aye, Master Joseph; and with a heavy load of goods. Have you any commissions for me, Master Joseph? I was nearly a callin' you Master Joe, like in the old times, you know, sir, when you used to ride along with me in the cart. Mayhap you don't remember."

"Remember? Every jolt of it, Towse. But who says you're not to call me 'Master Joe?'"

"Begging your pardon, Master Joseph, it were Miss Smithett."

"Nonsense, Towse—I am Master Joe always—don't forget that from me."

Old Towse hobbled away, smiling as though he had received a very handsome present. While he was harnessing his horses, and regaling himself with a low whistle the while, he suddenly glanced across the meadows. The two Misses Hornibrook were walking briskly along the path that led direct to the mill or works. Now Towse shared, with the humbler folk who were his companions, a sincere veneration for the family that inhabited The Willows. He had heard them described again and again as a "first-class" and a "tip-top" family. One of their gardeners had rallied him, over "a pipe and a pint," on the impassable barrier that lay between the Hornibrooks and the Smithetts. And the Vicar's footman had taken the gardener's side.

"Sartainly," said the footman; "I agree with Daffydown (the gardener). Mr. Hornibrook'd no more think of mixing hisself with Mr. Smithett—than—than—well, than I should think of blowin' my cloud with a chimbley-sweep." This conversation had proved almost too much for the temper of Towse. So that it was a great triumph for him, on the morrow of his master's ball, when he met the same footman at the "Flower Pot." Towse was not a master of sarcasm; he was, in short, unequal to the occasion. But he did contrive to say, "Where's your chimbley-sweep now, Mr. Welwet Breeches?" Secretly, however, Towse had a mighty respect for the Hornibrooks. Their importance had been impressed on him in every ale-house round about. When he saw them reach his master's door, on the night of the party, he felt bound to show them extra attention. It was his ill-luck that the elder lady's shawl fringe should catch in his button-hole while he was preserving her dress from the muddy carriage wheels.

Towse paused, with a horse collar in his hand, and watched the young ladies tripping along the path. "How pretty they do walk, to be sure," said Towse to himself, with "a sprightly lustre in his eye." And then he ran off, as well as Towse could run, to tell his young master.

The Misses Hornibrook were dressed as well as ladies should be dressed when paying a morning visit. They were looking their best and brightest. Mr. Joseph watched them through the hall window as, with dainty steps and slow, but light and free, they descended the slope that shelved to the drive before the house.

Miss Clementina Smithett had run to her room "to smooth her hair," and to pepper herself with a few extra ornaments. Mrs. Smithett, as became her matronly years, did not move from her seat; but only touched the bell to tell her maid she had better bring in some sherry and biscuits.

"The dinner sherry, mind," Mrs. Smithett remarked.

Miss Smithett returned to the drawing-room to join her mother; her hands and face red with a vigorous washing.

"Where's Joseph, mama?"

"At the hall door, I think, my dear."

"How vulgar it looks! I wonder he doesn't know better."

"Don't you be afraid of Joe, Clemmy; he knows what's right."

Mr. Joe was natural at any rate. He threw the doors of his father's house open as the young ladies approached, and tripping forward, with his cap in his hand, bowed them a gracious welcome.

"Mr. Welwet Breeches and his chimbley-sweep," muttered Towse between his teeth, as he surveyed the picture from a respectful distance; "let him look at that. There's ne'er a dook in the land need be ashamed to look like Master Joe. Wo-ho! Bess." And Towse put the collar about the neck of his favourite mare.

"How charming of you, Miss Hornibrook, to come across the wet fields to pay us a visit. My mother will be delighted to see you."

Gallantly, as became a young English gentleman, Mr. Joseph Smithett did the honours of his father's house. He took Miss Sarah's hand to lead her in, and looked perhaps a little more than the welcome he expressed. There was manly courtesy in his air, not French politeness.

Mrs. Smithett and her daughter rose to receive their visitors.

"My dears," said the lady of the house, "I am delighted to see you."

Miss Smithett bethought herself of what she believed to be the usages of society, and, as she shook hands, coldly bowed.

The conversation that ensued—who could not give it word for word? It came to an end, as the most wearisome journey must, and the visitors rose to take their departure.

"Will a walk round our garden fatigue you too much?" Mr. Joseph asked, addressing himself to Miss Hornibrook. "It's not very extensive, and I'm sure you must be fond of flowers."

"Oh, yes, we doat upon them," Emily answered.

"You young people will excuse me, I hope," said Mrs. Smithett. "I can't walk. I don't get round the garden once in a month, and then Mr. Smithett *will* persist in dragging me round."

Emily glanced significantly at her sister, as the latter descended the garden steps, leaning on the arm of Mr. Joseph. Emily meant, "What would papa say to this?"

Had Mr. Hornibrook peeped over the railings, and seen his daughter Sarah walking along the gravel paths with the comely and gallant young fellow who was her companion, and who lingered with her at every parterre—talking lightly and learnedly of every plant that was blossoming at their feet—his wrath would have known no bounds. He would have seen his daughter, all smiles and prettiness, answering softly. He would have marked the young gallant holding a little pocket-knife in his hands, and ever and anon carefully cutting the finest flower from the rarest bush. These two young people had seen each other twice only, but both were only some little way past twenty. The young hearts were free; the minds of both were cultivated; a silver thread of sympathy drew them together the night when they met for the first time. And now, who knows what may happen? They have come together by the merest accident. This second meeting is one of the merest ceremony, sanctioned by Mr. Hornibrook. Society sent Miss Hornibrook to leave her card. This walk round the garden is a politeness that was forced upon her, with no design. But who is to say what is to come next?—and next? The settling of a bluebottle on a man's nose may turn the whole current of his life. I wonder what the life of Miss Hornibrook would have been had she been tired on the day when she left cards with the Smithetts, and had politely declined the walk in the garden. The birds are singing, the bees are humming at their work, unconscious of the sulphur fumes by the help of which we shall presently kill them and rifle their homes, to spread their sweet stores upon our children's bread. Blithely they are doing God's work in nature, and nature's laws are speaking in these young folk who are gathering the flowers, laughing as they go. The stream that turned the mill; that, poisoning the waters, killed the trout; broadened into a fair sheet of water as it made its way through Mr. Smithett's garden. The young people found themselves, in the course of their walk, by the water.

"You might offer to give Miss Hornibrook a row, Joseph," said Miss Smithett.

Mr. Joseph was only too much obliged to his sister for the suggestion. He was tying up the posy they had gathered. "You must make one turn round our little lake," said he, brightly, handing the flowers to the young lady at the same moment; "and do me the favour of accepting these few specimens of our flowers."

"Oh! thank you," said the young lady, raising them quickly to her face—not, I warrant, so much for their sweet smell, as for their power of screening her confusion. Joseph ran to the boat, unmoored it, and handled it in a way that showed he was used to the sculls. He invited Miss Hornibrook to enter. The boat would hold only two. The young lady vowed that she could never muster the courage, but, gently pressed, she was persuaded to trust herself to the smiling boatman. Emily, whose turn was to come next, but who had firmly resolved to decline it, stood watching the boat.

"Well, I declare, how they are flirting," said Miss Smithett.

Emily Hornibrook looked surprised.

"I wish they would be quick," Emily answered, impatiently. "Papa will be waiting for us, and we are very rude, leaving Mrs. Smithett alone all this time."

"Don't mind mama in the least. I dare say she is asleep."

With an easy, steady pull Joseph Smithett brought the skiff to the bank, shipped sculls, and handed Miss Hornibrook to the lawn with the neatness of a true boatman. There was a manner in the doing of this that showed the actors were not strangers—

> Some are never strangers,
> But, soon as seen, the soul, as if by instinct,
> Springs towards them with resistless force, and owns
> Congenial sympathy.

The young ladies returned briskly home across the fields.

"He's very handsome," said Emily; "and, did you notice his hands, dear?"

"Not particularly."

"Never looked at him, dear? didn't listen to him, eh, dear? Hope you will never see him again?" Miss Emily tittered, and laughed until she had fairly provoked her sister.

"Wait till we get home, Miss Emmy, and I'll give you a good pinch; see if I don't," was Sarah's awful threat; then she made a plaintive appeal, "Don't, there's a dear! One isn't always in a mood for screams of laughter. Besides, how bad it looks when we're out alone. Suppose Mr. Carnegie, or somebody, should see us, what do you think he would say?"

"I won't say another word all the way." Emily put on a grave face, and walked silently by the side of her sister. But she could not help bursting into a half-smothered laugh now and then, with the thoughts that were running in her giddy head.

"Well, girls," said Mr. Hornibrook, at the dinner table, "so you have left your cards?"

"Yes, papa," Emily answered, briskly. "What a beautiful garden they have."

Mr. Hornibrook looked gravely at his daughters.. "Did you go in?"

"Why, yes, papa. We met young Mr. Smithett on the doorstep."

"Well!"

"So, of course, we went in to speak to his mother."

"How long did you stay?"

"Not very long, papa dear. We talked the usual nonsense, you know—the weather, and whether it was likely to rain to-morrow; and when the repairs of the church were likely to be finished—and that kind of thing."

"You did your part, I've no doubt, Miss Emmy."

"I took my share," Emmy answered, laughing.

"Talked for yourself and Sarah too. You can always do that."

"Sarah took her share. Didn't you, Sarah?"

Sarah coloured. Why should she? Who is to tell what is passing in the mind of a young country-reared girl, who has been passing a morning gathering flowers with a handsome fellow fresh from college?

"Well; there's an end of that business," Mr. Hornibrook said, firmly. "We are quit of the Smithetts."

Quit!

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE.

"THE Castle of Courcelles." By Gertrude Grey. (London: Wm. Tweedie, 337, Strand.)—"The Castle of Courcelles" is a legend of Normandy rendered in blank verse. It is a beautiful tale, and would supply material for a fine historical romance in prose, a task which we think the authoress might undertake with greater success than the writing of poetry. We will begin at the beginning. The preface is a mistake. It commences:—"To plead the success of one attempt as justifying a similar appeal to public favour is a course so often *followed* that the writer of the *following* [the italics are ours] poems trusts she will not be accused of presumption in venturing once more to place a composition of hers before the public, as the favourable reception accorded to her first little work has induced her to do." This is not elegant composition, and is uncalled for. The preface is mentioned, it would seem, not to give us any idea of what we may expect in the work under notice, but as a kind of advertisement, calling attention to a book published some time ago. The sixth line of the poem is "And lends a strange enchantment to the scene," and the seventh line of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" is, "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." On page 18 we find "That dark eye which long had seemed to gaze on vacancy." A similar expression will be found in "Hamlet." The following is on page 28:—

> Therefore, with hatred rankling in his heart,.
> For Raoul, Maude, and all of human kind,
> He disappeared for ever from the haunts
> Of all to whom so long he had been known;
> He vanished like some bright erratic star
> That sheds, for a brief space, its dazzling light,
> Then in the dark and distant realms of space
> Is lost for ever to our anxious gaze.

This is a fair specimen of the authoress's style. We cannot ourselves imagine any man vanishing "like some bright erratic star," &c., and do not think it a happy simile. On page 49 we come in contact with a lady who felt—

> That he was speeding to that fatal bourne
> From whence none e'er return.

We like this idea, but it is calculated to make the reader forget "The Castle of Courcelles," and finish the soliloquy of Hamlet: "That undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns, puzzles the will, and makes us rather bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of." If the authoress had let the lines stand in the original, and quoted them as we have done, it would have been an improvement. On page 65 we find:—

> Nor will we tell how lovely looked the bride,
> Attired in flowing robes of pearly white;
> The richly jewelled coronet she wore,
> Which sparkled o'er her *pure transparent brow.*

We never heard of a transparent brow before, and cannot imagine anything so unnatural, although to be able to look at any one's brain in full working order would, no doubt, be highly satisfactory to the medical faculty. Now and then we find a rhyme. Here is a specimen, which we like as well as anything we have found in the book:—

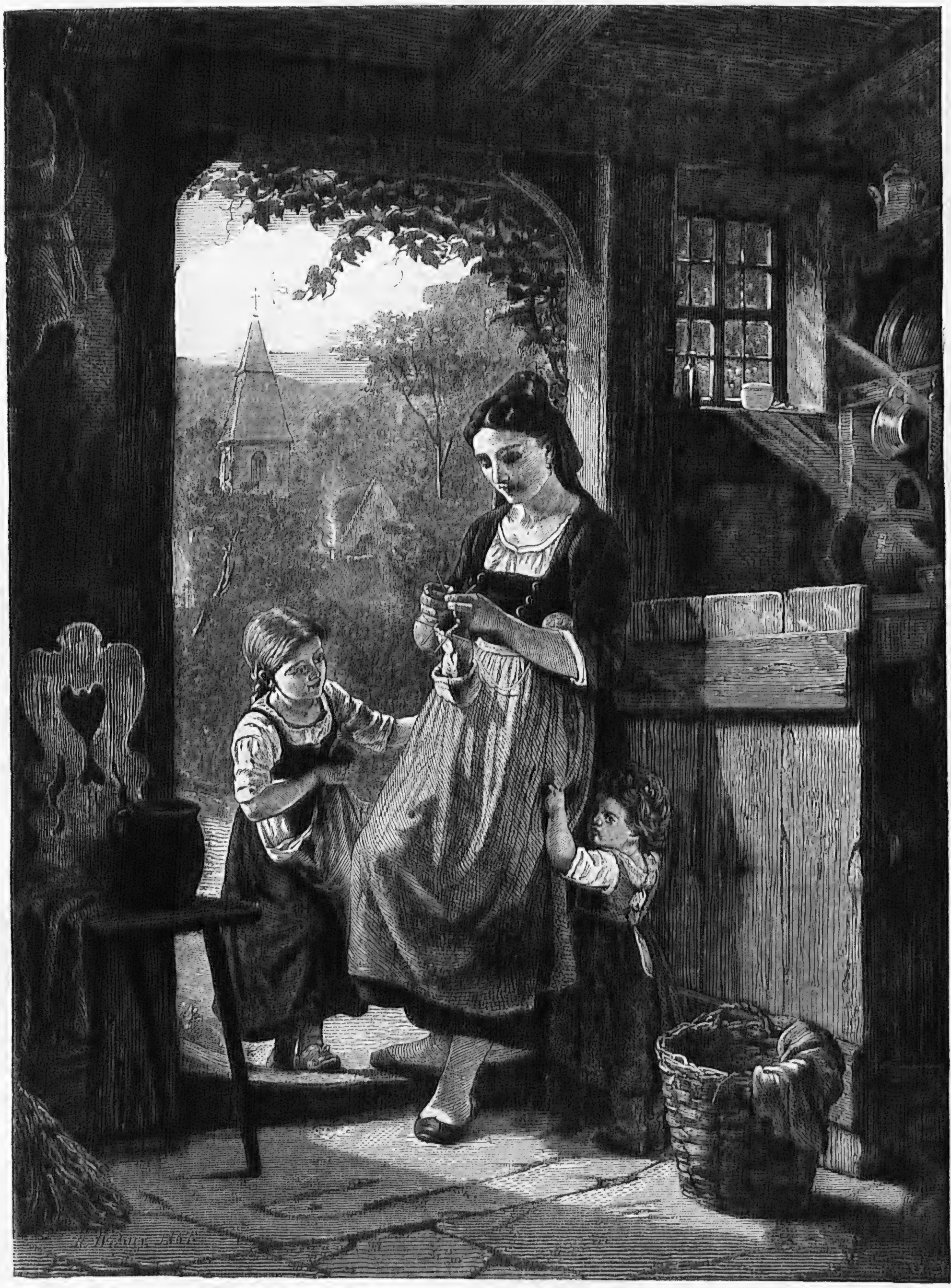
> In former times when chivalry's bright light
> Shone through the darkness of the feudal night.

Nearly all the characters are described as having "chiselled features" and speaking with "falt'ring tongue." For instance:—

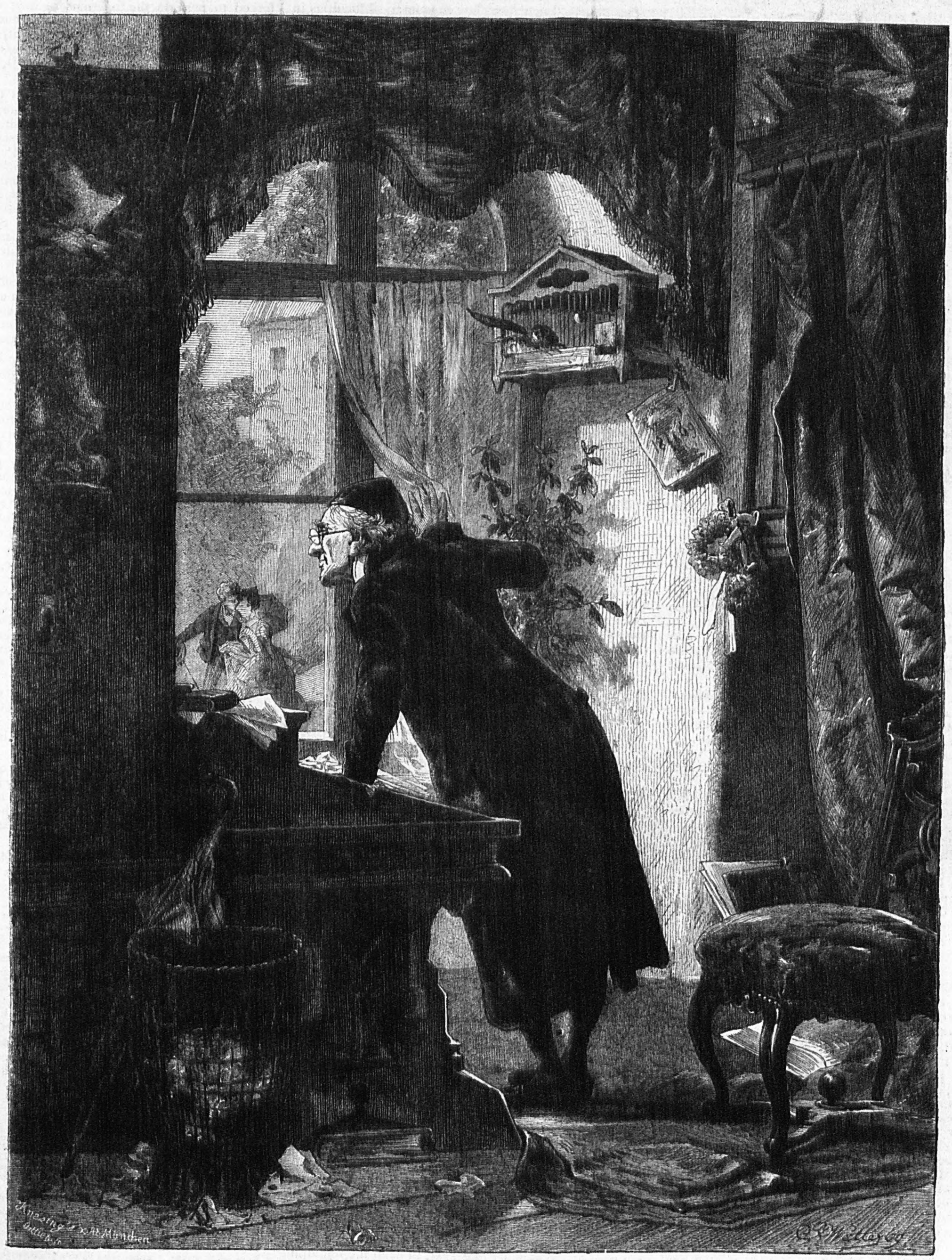
> In fervent accents, but with falt'ring tongue
> The knight poured forth his full heart's gratitude.

They have also a habit of "pouring forth" when they speak that is liable to become wearisome. The adjective "fair" is also used too often. We have "chateaux fair," or "maidens fair," or "fair Normandy," or "ladies fair," or something else that is fair, on almost any opening. The story begins with Rauol de Courcelles. He has two sons—one a warrior, the other a bookworm. We keep company with them until they are married, get old, and die. Then we are introduced to their children, and when we leave them at the end of the story they too are old, so that the legend embraces a period of more than a hundred years, and the whole is related in a poem of some 1,800 lines. This is done cleverly, and without being incongruous. There is distance in the picture, and the characters grow old with the story, gradually and satisfactorily. We are not highly pleased with this production, but we should not feel annoyed if we had to read another volume from the same pen. There are no great faults and no great virtues, and the legend may be a source of entertainment to many readers. A large amount of the poetry now written takes the form of blank verse. Poetical scribblers may by this means escape the labours of versification, and regard the task as an easy one; but to write successful blank verse is the most difficult task in poetry, and is only achieved by masters of the art. We hope the authoress of "The Castle of Courcelles," a creditable production, will bear this in mind.

THE Germans are preparing to celebrate the fourth centenary of the birth of Albert Durer, engraver, painter, architect, and civil engineer.



DOMESTIC HAPPINESS. From the Original Picture by H. Werner.



A LOOK INTO THE OPEN AIR. From a Picture by Joseph Watter.

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE members of the Navy Club gave their annual entertainment to the First Lord of the Admiralty on Saturday last at their usual place of meeting, Willis's Rooms.

VERY successful experiments have been made in Nieuwe Diep with torpedos. One torpedo, having been under water two years, when ignited by an electric spark, destroyed a gunboat entirely.

AN extraordinary case of inhumanity on the part of a British sea captain is told by a native who was rescued after being eighteen days at sea on a water tank. The captain deliberately left twelve men on the tank, in mid-ocean, to their fate. Of these nine died.

A CONSIDERABLE reduction of ambassadors' salaries is spoken of in France. The eight principal embassies under the Empire cost the country 1,500,000fr.

THE prospects of the harvest in France being below the average of preceding years, the Minister of Agriculture will institute an inquiry in the Departments to meet the exigencies of the moment.

THE health of the Grand Vizier continues to improve.

THE Dijon Chamber of Commerce has submitted to the Minister of Finance a plan for a Customs Depôt near the new frontiers, which would be attended with great advantage to commerce and industry.

A TELEGRAM was received in Cape Town, May 10th, from Dedras Dorp, announcing that the French ship *Souvenance*, from Pondicherry for Martinique, was a complete wreck. Over 150 bodies had been washed ashore.

GEORGE DYER, who gave himself up to the London police as having been guilty of a murder on the Loddon in 1857, has been tried at Melbourne, and convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to eight years' hard labour.

THE Italian *Official Gazette* publishes a decree concerning the co-operation of Italy in the construction of the St. Gothard Railway, and the Convention passed between Italy and Switzerland relating thereto.

IT has been agreed that two Legations from the same Power accredited to the Papal Court and to the Italian Court shall never occupy the same palace.

A TRANSLATION of Milton's "Paradise Lost" into Hebrew verse is to be published by a Continental firm.

THE *Melbourne Argus* says:—"An approximate return showing the results of the census of the population—which was taken, as in England, on the 2nd April—has been furnished to Parliament by the Registrar-General. According to the present figures, the population of Victoria on the 2nd April, 1871, numbered 729,868, of whom 400,700 were males and 379,168 females. When the last census was taken—viz., in 1861—the population of the colony was only 540,322. The population of Melbourne and its suburbs now numbers nearly 200,000, the figures given in the return being 193,696. The population of Ballarat is 74,260; of Sandhurst, 36,688; and of Geelong, 22,618."

WE learn by the Overland Mail that three divisions, commanded respectively by Generals M'Murdo, Travers, and Fraser Tytler, will constitute, it is said, the Camp of Instruction at Ghazeeabad. Formed in November, the camp will last for some three months, during which period His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief will command for some considerable time in person.

A LOMBARD telegram in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, dated Munich, Friday, says:—"The professors of the University have resolved to elect Dr. Von Döllinger Rector Magnificus for the coming year, it being the turn of the theological faculty. The election is of marked importance, as the three hundredth anniversary of the University will be celebrated with particular splendour during the period of office. It is considered doubtful whether the Government will confirm the election. Professor Messmer has been excommunicated for administering the sacrament to the dying priest Zeuger, excommunicated for his denial of the infallibility dogma."

THE *Dantzic Gazette* announces that the German navy is about to be increased. Three powerful turret ships are in course of construction, and seven corvettes have been newly ordered.

ON Saturday a complimentary *déjeûner* was given at the Crystal Palace to the artists of the Comédie Française, lately performing in London. Lord Dufferin was in the chair, and the list of those present included many eminent names. The speeches were in French. A toast to the chief of the French Government was proposed, after the health of the Queen. Lord Dufferin, in proposing the toast of the day, paid tribute to the talents of the French guests and to the spirit in which they followed their art. The toast was coupled with the name of Monsieur Got, who, in replying, testified his admiration of the English stage and his thanks to the English people for their support of the French company, and in conclusion proposed a toast to Shakespeare. Mr. Alfred Wigan replied. Lord Granville proposed the health of the chairman. The company gave a final performance on Saturday night.

IN connection with the national banquet, which is to take place in the Corn Exchange, Edinburgh, on the 9th August, 120 gentlemen have accepted the office of steward. We understand that a meeting will be held next day of all interested in the centenary, for the purpose of taking measures to found an educational memorial in honour of Sir Walter Scott. The Lord Justice General is likely to preside on that occasion. "The Rooftree of Abbotsford" will be proposed at the banquet by Lord Houghton. Arrangements are being made in the Border district for a united celebration of the centenary in Melrose.

HOSTILITIES have broken out among the rival tribes in the Fiji Islands, and cannibalism is being indulged in to an unlimited extent by the Levoni faction, who recently professed Christianity. King Thakamba is getting his forces ready to attack them.

THE Lord Mayor has invited Her Majesty's Ministers to a banquet at the Mansion House on Saturday, the 29th inst.

THE *Times* (Calcutta) correspondent telegraphs that the latest Cabul news represents the Ameer's army as furious at the death of Feramorz, and with difficulty restrained. From Aslum, Kan-Yahoob Khan professes the utmost willingness now to trust his father and go to Cabul. A reconciliation is very probable.

A MOVEMENT is on foot for inviting the Emperor of Brazil and the Crown Prince of Prussia to a grand banquet at the Guildhall of the City of London.

A DESPATCH from Berlin of Saturday's date says:—"The proposed new press law encounters difficulties in the disinclination of the several Governments to renounce their right of police supervision and confiscation. Resistance is affirmed to be strongest on the part of the Prussian Government."

PRINCE BISMARCK has forwarded a present of 1,000 thalers to M. Wilhelm, composer of the "Watch on the Rhine," and expresses the hope to make the gift annual from the Government funds.

THE *Observer* is informed that the Comte de Paris will shortly pay a visit to the Comte de Chambord. The Duc d'Aumale has left Paris for his chateau of Randon, near Vichy, where he will be joined by the other members of the Orleans family.

A HANOVER correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* describes the enthusiastic reception experienced by the Crown Prince of Germany on his recent visit to that city. Congratulatory addresses were presented to him everywhere, and so numerous were the strangers who arrived from the adjoining towns and rural districts that the railway companies were at last obliged to forward them in trucks, for want of passenger carriages. His Imperial Highness could not suppress his gratification and surprise. Turning to Prince Albert, he asked: "Are we in Königsberg, the oldest of Prussian cities, or in Hanover, the newest?" On taking leave of the town, the Crown Prince requested Municipal Director Rasch to return his sincere thanks to the citizens of Hanover for the very kind reception he had found, and to assure them, at the same time, that His Majesty the Emperor and King deeply regretted his inability to be present at the festive entry of the soldiers of the 10th Army Corps.

ADMIRAL POTHUAU has just ordered four steam despatch boats to be sent from Toulon to guard the coasts of New Caledonia.

ACCORDING to the *Magnet*, the brilliant sunshine and the high range of temperature which have succeeded the late unsettled weather have to some extent dissipated the fears of a wet harvest. Everywhere vegetation presents a luxuriant appearance, and affords a happy augury for the result of the approaching harvest. The crop of grass is very large; but, owing to the rain, a considerable proportion of that already cut has been carried in very indifferent condition. Many fields, however, are as yet untouched; therefore, there is no doubt that a fair supply of fine hay will be secured. Roots continue to look promising, and potatoes are also turning out well. The wheat is well spoken of, particularly on good soils and well-farmed lands. It is expected that the crop will turn out to be fully an average. Barley and oats look well, and a heavy crop of both beans and peas may be looked for. In the south of Europe harvest is making fair progress, and generally speaking the out-turn is giving great satisfaction.

PREPARATIONS for the departure of the Pope from Rome have been made for some days, but the *Italian Gazette* announces that a decision was arrived at on the 4th, and that it was against the departure. The *Movimento* of Genoa says the idea of the removal is abandoned. Cardinal Antonelli has chiefly contributed to this decision.

A GROSS outrage was perpetrated at Kilkee one night last week. The *Limerick Chronicle* says that the grounds adjacent to several of the lodges were trampled and defaced, some pillars and gates were removed and thrown into the sea, and a quantity of cut stones were removed from the grounds of several lodges and placed in a square in such a way as to represent the tomb-stones and head-stones of a churchyard.

THERE was another field-day at Aldershot on Saturday, the troops being under the command of Sir Hope Grant. The movements occupied several hours.

IT is announced that the new loan for the city of Paris will amount to 600,000,000 francs, and that it will be issued at the end of August next.

THE steamship *China*, while on her last passage to San Francisco, fell in with a Japanese junk which had been driven out to sea in a storm. Of the sixteen persons who sailed from Hiogo on the junk, eleven perished of hunger and thirst before the steamer came to the rescue. The remaining five sustained life by small fish speared from the side of the junk, but during the few days previous to the rescue they were too weak for this exertion. On the 24th of May Haki Dijire, one of the five taken to the steamer, died from exhaustion. The surgeon of the steamer managed to keep the remaining four alive.

THE general in command of the German forces at Amiens has published an announcement in the local journals that, stones having been thrown at the troops, any future attacks of the same kind will be replied to by bullets. The object of General Manteuffel's recent visit to Versailles was to complain of the tone of the French press, which is considered to lead to disorders between the German troops and the inhabitants of the occupied department.

THE Queen went to Frogmore House on Saturday, to meet the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie, who paid a visit to the Prince and Princess Christian. The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Prince Arthur, and Mr. Gladstone arrived at the Castle on Saturday night. On Sunday morning the Rev. Dr. Benson preached before Her Majesty in the private chapel.

THE mail steamer from Melbourne on the 18th ult., brings 129,500 oz. of gold, and £97,500 in sovereigns for Galle.

A PREBENDAL stall in Lincoln Cathedral has become vacant by the death of the Rev. George Osborne, with the rectory of Stainby-with-Grimby, the latter being worth £500 a year, and in the gift of the Earl of Dysart.

TWO men named Bernard and Lefevre have just appeared before the correctional tribunal of Paris on the charge of having filled the offices of juge-de-paix and registrar, in the ninth arrondissement (Rue Drouot), under the Commune. They both pleaded that they were forced to perform the functions against their will, but the court found them guilty, and sentenced the former to four months' imprisonment and the latter to one.

THE *Capitole* publishes a notice by the Cardinal-Vicar, prohibiting the people from reading non-clerical Roman newspapers.

THE Prince and Princess Imperial of Germany went to the Royal Academy on Saturday morning. At one o'clock they went to Windsor, with their children, on a visit to the Queen, and returned to Prussia House in the evening. On Sunday morning the Prince attended Divine service at the Royal German Chapel, St. James's, and afterwards visited the Duke of Cambridge at Gloucester House. After luncheon the Prince and Princess attended the afternoon service at Westminster Abbey, the sermon being preached by Dean Stanley. They afterwards went to Marlborough House, and accompanied the Prince and Princess of Wales to dine with them at Chiswick.

THE Dutch Foreign Minister announced in Saturday's sitting of the Second Chamber that, in consequence of the rejection of the Siak treaty, the consideration of the treaty with Great Britain concerning immigration into the Dutch possessions is provisionally postponed.

THE forthcoming Cattle Show of the Royal Agricultural Society promises to eclipse all its predecessors. The entries of horses alone number 600.

THE Maire and Sous-Préfet of Boulogne have been endeavouring to secure for English visitors to Boulogne exemption from the new regulations with respect to passports. They have suggested that the London Steamboat Company should be allowed to print forms to contain the description of each visitor to Boulogne brought by them. The Under Secretary said he felt compelled to decline the adoption of the suggestion. The Maire has once more brought the subject under the notice of M. Achille Adam, the representative of Boulogne in the National Assembly.

M. GAMBETTA has addressed a letter, dated the 6th inst., expressing joy at the result of the elections. He says it shows that France has decided for the good cause, and that she is determined to make every effort to reconquer the grand position from which Monarchy caused her to fall. This will of the country imposes upon Republicans great duties. It is from a Republican Government that France hopes for and expects her regeneration.

A DETACHMENT of Russian soldiers near Tashkend having been overpowered by the inhabitants of the district, a body of Russian troops was sent from Samarcand, and, it is said, "the mutineers were massacred in thousands."

THE performance of the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau, on the 2nd inst., was attended by a numerous audience of the educated classes of all nations. Many people had come from Vienna to see the play, but the spectators consisted principally of Englishmen and Americans.

REFERRING to the Royal visit to Ireland, the *Freeman's Journal* says:—"It is needless to say that our civic preparations will be worthy the event, and that the welcome to the heir-apparent will be generously extended to the Princess Louise and her noble husband. The chief magistrate will maintain our repute and his own dignity. Our public institutions will make their proper display, and, of course, foremost among them will be the Royal Dublin Society and the Royal Agricultural Society. The Exhibition Palace will ring with the festivities of a citizens' ball equal to that which succeeded so splendidly in '69. Then we hope to have the Phœnix Park Races, whereat Prince Arthur Patrick may find some argument in favour of a residence in Dublin. Rumour has it that the vacant ribbon of the Order of St. Patrick awaits his Royal Highness; and if so, we may have another installation."

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth at *about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

BEAUTIFUL HAIR.—THE PLAIN TRUTH.—If people will only use Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S PREPARATIONS, they will have no trouble about their Hair. Mrs. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER will positively and certainly restore the natural original colour in every case of greyness, no matter from what cause it arises—the hair is stimulated to natural growth. The "Zylobalsamum," as a hair-dressing for young and old, is the best article that can be used; it imparts a gloss and vigorous appearance to the hair very beautiful to see. The Restorer, 6s.; the Zylobalsamum, 3s. (Separate preparations—not at all necessary to be used together.)—Depôt, 266, High Holborn, London. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. [366

OAKEY'S WELLINGTON KNIFE POLISH.—Old knives cleaned constantly with this preparation bear a brilliancy of polish equal to new cutlery. Can be used with any kind of knife-board or knife-cleaning machine. Retail packets 3d. each, and tins 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. each. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London.

SILVER, ELECTRO PLATE, &C., TO CLEAN AND PRESERVE.—*Oakey's Non-Mercurial Silversmiths' Soap* is guaranteed to be free from mercury or any other injurious ingredients too often used in the manufacture of plate powder. Tablets 6d. each, by all grocers, ironmongers, brushmakers, chemists, &c. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London. [309

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 300. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

NOTICE.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

MR. ESKELL, of 8, Grosvenor Street, the Author of "Pure Dentistry, and What it Does for Us," "Painless Tooth Extraction; or, Anæsthesia Locally Applied," "Dental Surgery; a Practical Treatise," "Modern Dentistry; its Principles and Practice," &c., may be CONSULTED DAILY, as hitherto, from ten to four o'clock, at his residence, 8, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square (a few doors from Bond-street).

N.B.—The above works may be obtained of SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, of all Booksellers; or of the Author, post free for 7 stamps each. [231

SWINDEN AND SONS,
(Established 1825,)
27, TEMPLE STREET, BIRMINGHAM,
Wholesale, Retail, and for Exportation,

Invite an inspection of their new stock of high-class Coloured Gold Jewellery.

Drawing-room Gilt Clocks and Dining-room Marble Clocks, Cuckoo Clocks and Vienna Regulators for Halls.

Bed-room and Kitchen Clocks.

Presentation Clocks and Gold and Silver Watches of every description.

A large and choice assortment of Musical Boxes now on hand. [394

WM. CARVER'S DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES are unequalled for quality, durability, and prices.
Works and Show Rooms, PARK STREET, CHEETHAM HILL ROAD, MANCHESTER. [395

SINGING!!!

'Twas all my fancy painted it,
'Twas lovely and did shine;
I'll go and get another,
But not a four-and-nine.

BEST VALUE AND VARIETY EVER OFFERED.
GLOBE HAT WAREHOUSES,
101A and 70, NEW STREET. [946

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants. DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

Use Dinneford's Friction Gloves and Belts. [225

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.

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SINGLE TEETH FROM 3s. 6d.,
SETS FROM £2 10s., INCLUDING ALL CHARGES.
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16, *NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*

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GEORGE TURNER, Auctioneer, Valuer, &c., Liverpool. [797

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The Medical Profession adopt
MORSON'S PREPARATION OF PEPSINE
As the True Remedy. Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers,
THOMAS MORSON & SON,
124, Southampton Row, W.C., London.
See name on label. [406

FINE Flavoured Strong BEEF TEA, at about 2½d. a pint. Ask for LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234

BOWATERS' PRIZE ARTIFICIAL TEETH defy all Competition for NATURAL APPEARANCE. MASTICATION, ARTICULATION, and COMFORT. Teeth fixed from 5s. per Tooth, including all charges.

W. BOWATER, Surgeon Dentist, &c., 142, Broad Street, Birmingham.

BOWATER'S TOOTH-ACHE SPECIFIC, in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each; by Post, 7 or 14 Stamps. [573

CAUTION.—BETT'S PATENT CAPSULES. The Public are respectfully Cautioned that BETT'S PATENT CAPSULES are being INFRINGED by importations from abroad. Bett's Name is upon every Capsule he makes for leading Merchants at home and abroad.
1, Wharf Road, City Road, London, April 8, 1868.
And Bordeaux, France. [252

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE. Weekly. Price 6d.

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE: An Educational Record and Review. Weekly. Price 6d.

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CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING.
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ABSTRACT FROM REPORTS OF 1870 AND 1871, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

1870.		1871.
£36,165 8 10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139 2 0
27,554 3 4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243 16 10
13,111 11 1	Losses	22,766 17 7
7,555 10 6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336 11 2
17,067 10 4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869 14 2
68,492 10 4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294 14 2

APPLICATION FOR AGENCIES INVITED.
FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager.*
May, 1871. [370

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SUPERIOR

PREPARED GROATS. PREPARED BARLEY. For making pure Gruel and Barley Water in Ten Minutes, without the trouble of straining, in 3d. and 6d. packets, and 1s. canisters.

PREPARED PEAS FLOUR. For making delicious Soup in Ten Minutes, in 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., packets, and 1s. canisters.

BRADEN'S BAKING POWDER. UNADULTERATED. Puddings without eggs, Bread without Yeast, Pastry Light and Wholesome, and with less Butter.

BRADEN'S EGG POWDER. One Penny Packet equal to Nine Eggs.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS, CORNDEALERS, OILMEN, AND DRUGGISTS.

MANUFACTORY—STEAM MILLS, WHITE'S GROUNDS, S.E. [251

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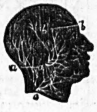

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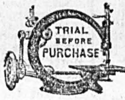
TIC-DOLOREUX, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, TOOTH-ACHE, RHEUMATISM, AND ALL NERVE PAINS.

Prepared by LEATH & ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, corner of Doctors' Commons, and 9, Vere Street, W.; and sold by all Patent Medicine Vendors.
Price 1s. 1½d., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 9d. per bottle.
The Cuts show Nerve-centres, and where Neuraline should be applied. [241

WILLCOX AND GIBBS' SILENT SEWING MACHINE.



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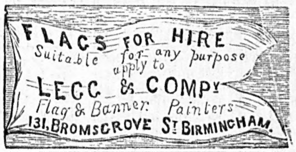

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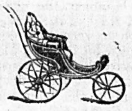

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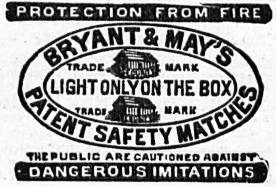

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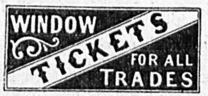

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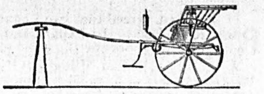

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